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ELEMENTS OF PHYSICS, &c.

Elements of Physics, or Natural Philosophy, General and Medical, explained independently of Technical Mathematics. In two volumes. Vol. II. Part I. comprehending the subjects of Heat and Light. By Neil Arnott, M.D., of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

WHEN Science lays aside the forbidding garb of a recluse, and appears dressed in the attractive vesture of entertainment; when the field of knowledge is cleared of the complicated machinery necessary for its first culture, and opened as a fair garden where all may pluck flowers, or at least find amusement, mankind at large are insensibly led to seek, in contemplating the works of their Maker, that pleasure which, in the early state of scientific research, was confined to the few who had patience and fortitude to encounter the difficulties of mathematical investigations, and rescue truth from the apparently conflicting testimony inseparable from experimental inquiry.

The connection of first principles with practical application is often by a chain so fine as to escape the observation of the largest portion of the public. The relation between scientific discoveries and their subsequent utility, is frequently concealed from the common observer by the unexpected nature of the result arising from the limited operation of a general principle, a result which sometimes appears to have no relation whatever to the discovery that gave it birth. Thus it is that science is regarded by many almost as a matter of useless speculation, proper to be studied only by those who can afford to lead a life of mental abstraction, and as contributing in a very small degree to the necessities or happiness of the world. That this has been till lately too much the popular opinion there can scarcely be a doubt, and thus it has been the fate of men who have laboriously pursued the path of science, to have their labours appreciated only by those whose learning enables them to connect abstract truth with useful application, and watch the infant child of knowledge, till, by her union with the arts, she diffuses comfort and prosperity to endless generations.

This apparent separation of scientific pursuits from the useful arts and occupations of life, and the difficulty, partly real and partly imaginary, attendant on the study of science, have been productive of incalculable mischief. All persons of common information are familiar with the names of Newton, La Place, and other philosophers, but many know them only as the authors of certain learned works, which few men can read, announcing facts which, whether true or false, have but little visible relation to the welfare of society. It is certainly true that, in many sciences, mathematical researches are indispensable in order to arrive at results, and that when the truth of such deductions is to be proved, it frequently cannot possibly be done by less complicated means. But the results of such inquiries, when once established, are often easily comprehended by persons totally incapable of going through the demonstrations on which they depend. They may then be announced to the world at large as mere facts, the truth of which the public are willing enough to believe, with the concurrence of the scientific world.

With this view much is in the power of those writers who feel the laudable desire of simplifying abstruse subjects; and the author who, by bending the entwined branches of the tree of science, brings the delightful fruit within reach of the many who

have not leisure to climb by the difficult ascent of mathematical gradation, merits the praise he cannot but receive who so greatly contributes to the intellectual enjoyment of his fellow-creatures.

In many cases, and particularly in some sciences, besides the announcement of mere facts, popular demonstrations may be given of material points, avoiding such technicalities as tend to perplex any but a mathematician. Instances of this kind are found in abundance in 'Ferguson's Astronomy,' and other popular works of a later date; but did any doubts of the practicability of familiarising scientific subjects exist in our minds, the perusal of Dr. Arnott's admirable work would entirely remove them. The first volume of this excellent production has been now so long before the public, that we are persuaded an ardent desire for the continuance of so interesting a publication has been very generally felt.

In recommending the second volume of Dr. Arnott's work to the attention of those readers who have not made science their pursuit, we can safely say they will find an ample field of intellectual enjoyment. The important truths of science are there so happily displayed, in an elegant, almost poetical, style, so completely divested of technical phraseology, so good in arrangement, and so free from error, that the work must excite great interest even with persons not used to seek amusement in pursuing studies of an abstruse character. To the scientific portion of the public our advice is needless, for we are convinced they are already acquainted with the book now before us.

The subject of Dr. Arnott's second volume is the imponderable matter of heat and light. The opinions of different philosophers, with respect to these mysterious substances, are stated with the candour that proceeds from a desire to instruct rather than to establish any favourite theory, and the present state of knowledge, as regards these subjects, is exhibited so agreeably, and at the same time so clearly, that it is evident the author possesses, in addition to his many acquirements, the art of communicating to others less fortunate than himself in the extent of their knowledge.

We regret that our limits do not permit us to make copious extracts from Dr. Arnott's work; but in confining ourselves to the most popular illustrations, we feel that we may be the means of inducing many readers to take up the book, who would probably feel some reluctance in opening a treatise bearing so formidable a title; at the same time a perfect idea of the style may be formed from the following extracts on the subject of heat, reserving that of light for a future occasion.

Speaking of the different sensation produced by touching different substances which are all in reality of the same temperature, our author thus proceeds:

'The different capacity for heat of air in different states of dilution, produces effects of great importance in nature as well as in the arts—thus,

'It is the difference of conducting power in bodies which is the cause of a very common error made by persons in estimating the temperature of bodies by the touch. In a room without a fire all the articles of furniture soon acquire the same temperature; but if in winter, a person with bare feet were to step from the carpet to the wooden floor, from this to the hearth-stone, and from the stone to the steel fender, his sensation would deem each of these in succession colder than the preceding. Now the truth being that all had the same temperature, only a temperature inferior to that of the living body, the best conductor, when in contact with the body, would carry off heat

the fastest, and would therefore be deemed the coldest. Were a similar experiment made in a hot-house, or in India, while the temperature of every thing around were 93 deg., viz. that of the living body, then not the slightest difference would be felt in any of the substances; or lastly, were the experiment made in a room where by any means the general temperature were raised considerably above blood-heat, then the carpet would be deemed considerably the coolest instead of the warmest, and the other things would appear hotter in the same order in which they appeared colder in the winter room. Were a bunch of wool and a piece of iron exposed to the severest cold of Siberia, or of an artificial frigorific mixture, a man might touch the first with impunity (it would merely be felt as rather cold); but if he grasped the second, his hand would be frost-bitten and possibly destroyed: were the two substances, on the contrary, transferred to an oven, and heated as far as the wool would bear, he might again touch the wool with impunity (it would then be felt as a little hot), but the iron would burn his flesh. The author has entered a room where there was no fire, but where the temperature from hot air admitted was sufficiently high to boil the fish, &c. of which he afterwards partook at dinner; and he breathed the air with very little uneasiness. He could bear to touch woollen cloth in this room, but no body more solid.

'The foregoing considerations make manifest the error of supposing that there is a positive warmth in the materials of clothing. The thick cloak which guards a Spaniard against the cold of winter, is also in summer used by him as a protection against the direct rays of the sun:—and while in England flannel is our warmest article of dress, yet we cannot more effectually preserve ice than by wrapping the vessel containing it in many folds of softest flannel.'—Pp. 25—26.

The low degree of temperature in elevated situations estimated and explained:

'On the surface of the earth near the sea-shore, the air of the atmosphere has a certain density (a cubic foot weighs about one ounce and a quarter) dependent on the weight and pressure of the superincumbent mass; but on a mountain top 15,000 feet high, as half the mass of the atmosphere is below that level, (see "Pneumatics,") the air is bearing but half the pressure, and consequently has twice the volume of an equal quantity of air at the sea-side, and a temperature consequently many degrees inferior; and the air which is at any time on the mountain-top, may have been recently before on an adjoining plain or shore, and in gradually climbing the mountain side as a wind, it must have been gradually expanding and cooling in proportion to the diminishing pressure. It is found that air, at first rising from the sea-shore, becomes one degree colder for about 200 feet of perpendicular ascent, and altogether about fifty degrees colder in rising 15,000 feet; so that at this latter elevation, water is frozen even near the equator, where the temperature of low plains is at least 80 deg. It thus appears that if a man could travel with the wind so as to remain always surrounded by the same air, he might begin his journey with it from the summer vineyards of the Rhine, might soon after find it the piercing blast of the alpine summits; and again, a little after, without any change having occurred in the absolute quantity of its heat, might feel it as the warm breath of the flowers on the plains of Italy.

'The explanation is here ready of why very elevated mountains in all parts of the earth are hooded in perpetual snows. We have just said that even at the equator, where the average temperature near the sea is 84 deg., water will be frozen when carried to an elevation of 15,000 feet. A line, therefore, traced on a mountain at this level would divide the portion of it destined to sleep under lasting ice and snow from the portion below covered with

green herbage. This line, wherever found, is called the *snow line*, or *line of perpetual congelation*. At the equator it is high in the atmosphere, because there is a difference of about 50 deg. between the average temperature of the country and the freezing point of water, viz., the difference between 84 deg. and 32 deg., and an elevation of 15,000 feet corresponds to this difference; but in a progress towards the poles, the line is met with gradually nearer to the earth, as the difference in question is less. In Switzerland it is at 6,500 feet above the sea; in Norway, it is below 5,000. With respect to the line of congelation, it is further to be remarked, that in tropical countries, because the temperature of the air is nearly uniform during the whole year, the line or limit of frost and snow is distinct and unvarying, that is to say is narrow, particularly where the acclivity is considerable; but in countries to the north and south, which experience strong contrast of summer and winter, the line becomes broad and less evident; because in the hot season much snow is melted or half melted above what may be called an average line, while in winter much snow and ice are accumulated below this, to be melted again when summer returns.—Pp. 54–56.

The relation between substances and heat depends on the atoms of which the latter are composed:

‘We are at last therefore compelled to admit, that the relation between various substances and heat, which we call capacity for heat, depends much more on the nature of the ultimate atoms of the substances than either on the absolute bulk or comparative density of the masses. Throwing much light on this subject, it has been ascertained in late times, that all material substances are composed of extremely minute unchangeable atoms, and of which, in different substances the comparative weights have been determined, although not the absolute weights; that is to say, for instance, the atom of gold is known to weigh four times as much as the atom of iron, although we do not know how many thousands or millions of atoms are required to form a grain of either. Now very recent researches seem to prove that for each ultimate atom, no matter of what substance, nearly the same quantity of heat is required to produce in a mass of the atoms a given change of temperature. Thus an ounce of iron which has four times as many atoms as an ounce of gold, has four times the capacity for heat. The law seems to hold for all simple substances; and for compounds of these there seems to be another law not yet well made out.’—Pp. 61–62.

Effects of expansion:

‘A cannon-ball, when heated, cannot be made to enter an opening, through which, when cold, it passes readily.

‘A glass stopper sticking fast in the neck of a bottle often may be released by surrounding the neck with a cloth taken out of warm water—or by immersing the bottle in the water up to the neck: the binding ring is thus heated and expanded sooner than the stopper, and so becomes slack or loose upon it.

‘Pipes for conveying hot water, steam, hot air, &c., if of considerable length, must have joinings that allow a degree of shortening and lengthening, otherwise a change of temperature may destroy them. An incompetent person undertook to warm a large manufactory by steam from one boiler. He laid a rigid main pipe along a passage, and opened lateral branches through holes into the several apartments, but on his first admitting the steam, the expansion of the main pipe tore it away from all its branches.

‘In an iron railing, a gate which, during a cold day, may be loose and easily shut or opened, in a warm day may stick, owing to there being greater expansion of it and of the neighbouring railing, than of the earth on which they are placed. Thus also the centre of the arch of an iron bridge is higher in warm than in cold weather; while, on the contrary, in a suspension or chain bridge, the centre is lowered.

‘The iron pillars now so much used to support the front walls of houses, of which the ground stories serve as shops with spacious windows, in warm weather really lift up the wall which rests upon them, and in cold weather allow it again to sink or subside—in a degree considerably greater than if the wall were brick from top to bottom.

‘In some situations (as lately was seen in the beautiful steeple of Bow Church, in London,) where the stones of a building are held together by clamps or bars of iron with their ends bent into them, the expansion in summer of these clamps will force the stones apart sufficiently for dust or sandy particles to lodge between them; and then, on the return of winter, the stones not being at liberty to close as before, will cause the ends of the shortened clamps to be drawn out, and the effect increasing with each revolving year, the structure will at last be loosened and may fail.

‘The pitch of a piano-forte or harp is lowered in a warm day or in a warm room, owing to the expansion of the strings being greater than of the wooden frame-work; and in cold the reverse will happen. A harp or piano, which is well tuned in a morning drawing-room, cannot be perfectly in tune when the crowded evening party has heated the room.

‘Bell-wires too slack in summer, may be of the proper length in winter.’—Pp. 66–67.

Remarkable exception in the case of water:

‘There exists a most extraordinary exception, already mentioned, to the law of expansion by heat and contraction by cold, producing unspeakable benefits in nature, viz. in the case of water. Water contracts according to the law only down to the temperature forty deg., while, from that is thirty-two deg., which is its freezing point, it again dilates. A very curious consequence of this peculiarity is exhibited in the wells of the glaciers of Switzerland and elsewhere, namely, that when once a pool or shallow well on the ice commences, it goes on quickly deepening itself, until it penetrates to the earth beneath. Supposing the surface of the water originally to have nearly the temperature of the melting ice, or thirty-two deg., but to be afterwards heated by the air and sun, instead of the water being thereby dilated or rendered specifically lighter, and detained at the surface, it becomes heavier the more nearly it is heated to forty deg., and therefore sinks down to the bottom of the pit or well; but there, by dissolving some of the ice, and being consequently cooled, it is again rendered lighter, and rises to be heated as before, again to descend; and this circulation and digging cannot cease until the water has bored its way quite through.’—Pp. 68–69.

Among the instances given by Dr. Arnot to illustrate the subject of latent heat, is the following:

‘A mass of ice brought into a warm room, and therefore receiving heat from every object around it, will soon reach the temperature of melting or 32 deg. but afterwards both the ice and the water formed from it will continue at that temperature until all is melted:—the heat which still continues to enter, effecting a change only in the form of the mass. And in the case supposed, whatever time was required for heating the mass of ice *one degree*, just 140 times as much will be required for melting it; proving that 140 deg. is the latent heat of water.

‘If two similar flasks, one filled with ice at 32 deg. and the other with water at 32 deg. be placed in the same oven or over the same flame, the water will gain 140 deg. of heat while the ice is merely dissolving into water at 32 deg.: and in the course of the experiment, a correspondence will always exist between the phenomena; for instance, when the water has gained 14 deg. of heat, it will be found that just a tenth part of the ice is melted.

‘If equal quantities of hot and cold water be mixed together, the whole acquires a middle temperature, each degree lost by the hot water becoming a degree gained by the cold: but if a pound of ice at 32 deg. and a pound of water 140 deg. hotter be mixed together, the 140 deg. of heat will go merely to melt the ice, for there will result two pounds of water at 32 deg.

‘If a flask of water at 32 deg., or its freezing point, and a similar flask of strong brine at 32 deg., but which does not freeze until cooled to near zero, be exposed together in the same cold place, it will be found that when the brine has lost 10 deg. of its heat the water flask will still exhibit an undiminished temperature, but a fourteenth part of its contents will be converted into ice. Now as in such a case the water flask must continue to radiate away heat just as much as the other, it can maintain its temperature only by absorbing into its general

mass the heat which was latent in the portion of water frozen.’—Pp. 84, 85.

Why the temperature of 212 deg. Fahrenheit is considered the point of boiling water:

‘Because any liquid, water for instance, while receiving heat remains tranquil, and apparently unchanged, until it reaches the boiling point, at which bubbling or conversion into vapour takes place, we might suppose its ordinary boiling temperature necessary to enable it, under any circumstances, to assume or to maintain the form of air. But this is no more true than that a common spring compressed against an obstacle has no tendency to expand or recover itself until the obstacle happen to give way. Liquid water with its heat is really a spring much compressed by the weight of the atmosphere, and seeking to expand itself into steam with force proportioned to its temperature. Even at 32 deg., or its freezing point, if placed in a vacuum, it assumes the form of air, unless restrained by a pressure of 1½ ounce on each square inch of its surface; and at any higher temperature the restraining force must be greater: at 100 deg., for instance, it must be 13 ounces; at 150 deg., 4 lbs.; at 212 deg., 15 lbs.; at 250 deg., 30 lbs., and so on:—and whenever the restraining force is much weaker than the expansive tendency, the formation of steam will take place so rapidly as to produce the bubbling and agitation called boiling. Now it is because the atmosphere or ocean of air which surrounds the earth happens to have in it 15 lbs. weight of air over every square inch of the earth’s surface, and presses on all things there accordingly, that 212 deg. is called the boiling point of water. An atmosphere less heavy would have allowed liquids to burst into vapour at lower temperatures, and one more heavy would have had a contrary effect.’—Pp. 90, 91.

Effects of cold in preservation of animal substances: the instance chosen, although perhaps familiar to most of our readers, we extract as by far the most marvellous that has ever occurred:

‘Again, as regards dead animal substances, we find that although at a certain, not very elevated, temperature, they undergo that change in the relations of their elements which we call putrefaction, when nearly their whole substance rises again to form part of the atmosphere, still at or below the temperature of freezing water, they remain unaltered for any length of time. In the middle of summer, recently caught salmon, or other fish, packed in boxes with ice, is conveyed fresh from the most remote parts of Britain to the capital. In our warmest weather, any meat or game may be long preserved in an ice-house. In Russia, Canada, and other northern countries, on the setting in of the hard frosts, when the inferior animals have difficulty in finding food, the inhabitants kill their winter supply, and store their provender of frozen flesh or fowl, as in other countries men store that which is salted or pickled. But the most striking instance of this kind we can adduce is the fact, that on the shore of Siberia, in 1801, in a vast block or island of ice, of which the surface was then more melted than in preceding summers, the carcass of an antediluvian elephant was found, perfectly preserved—an elephant differing materially from those now existing on earth, but its skeleton exactly corresponding with the specimens found deep buried in various countries. The creature was soon discovered by the hungry bears of the district, which were seen tearing off its hairy hide, and feeding on its flesh, as fresh almost as if it had lived yesterday, although it must have been of an era long anterior to that of any existing monument on earth, of human art, or even of human being. Long after it fell from the ice to the sandy beach, and when its tusks had been carried away for sale by a Tanguian fisherman, and its flesh had been nearly devoured, a naturalist who visited it found an ear still perfect, and its long mane, and part of its upper lip, and an eye with the pupil yet distinguishable, which had opened on the glories of a former or younger world! About 30 lbs. weight of its hair, which had been trodden into the sand by the bears while eating the carcass, was collected, and is now preserved in different museums of natural curiosities—some, for instance, in the museum of the London College of Surgeons.’—Pp. 119, 120.

HEEREN'S ANCIENT HISTORY.

A Manual of Ancient History, particularly with regard to the Constitutions, the Commerce, and the Colonies, of the States of Antiquity. By A. H. L. Heeren, Knight of the North Star and Guelphic Order, &c. Translated from the German. 8vo. pp. 480. Talboys. Oxford, 1829.

THIS volume is full of useful matter, without the slightest attempt at dissertation or eloquence. It is divided into five books, of which the subjects are as follows:—1. The Asiatic and African states previous to Cyrus, including the histories of the Assyrians, Jews, Phœnicians, and Carthaginians. 2. The Persian Empire, until the Macedonian Conquest. 3. Greece, of which the account is excellent, and very superior to that in any English book, especially from the attention paid by Professor Heeren to the less celebrated Hellenic States. 4. The Macedonian Monarchy. 5. Rome.

As a specimen of the mode in which the author has executed his task, we shall make an extract from the portion of his book which relates to Carthage, a subject among the most obscure and the most interesting of antiquity.

‘The history of Carthage may be conveniently divided into three periods: 1. From the foundation of the city to the commencement of the wars with Syracuse, B. C. 300—400. 2. From the commencement of the wars with Syracuse to those with Rome, 400—264. 3. From the commencement of the wars with Rome to the destruction of Carthage, 264—146.

‘FIRST PERIOD.

‘From the foundation of Carthage to the wars with Syracuse, B. C. 300—400.

1. ‘The foundation and primitive history of Carthage, like all very early important events in nations, were, by long tradition, wrapt in the veil of romance. The account given of Dido, the supposed founder of the city, can no longer be reduced to pure historic truth; yet it appears that we are authorized to infer that some political commotions in the mother city, Tyre, induced a party to emigrate: the emigrants proceeded to north Africa, on the coast of which Phœnician cities had already been erected: there, by a promise of yearly tribute, they purchased from the natives permission to found a city, the site of which was so happily chosen, that it depended upon the inhabitants alone to raise it to that greatness which it ultimately attained.

2. ‘It is probable that Carthage advanced at first by slow steps; yet so early as the end of this first period she had reached to such a height of power, that she was mistress of a large territory in Africa, and of foreign possessions still more extensive. Establishment of the Carthaginian dominion in Africa by the subjection of the neighbouring aboriginal tribes, and the erection of Carthaginian settlements within their territories: the natives (Liby-Phœnices) gradually mingled with the inhabitants of those colonies, and imbibed from them the love of agriculture and fixed abodes. The inhabitants of the fertile territory southward of lake Triton were, without exception, Carthaginian subjects.

3. ‘Her connexion, however, with the ancient Phœnician towns along the coast, particularly Utica, was of a different nature. For although Carthage possessed a certain ascendancy over them, she did not claim absolute dominion, but rather stood at the head of a federation; thus affording a protection which must frequently have degenerated into oppression.

4. ‘In consequence of a treaty with the neighbouring republic of Cyrene, the whole territory extending between the two Syrtis was also ceded to the Carthaginians: the Lotophagi and Nasamones, inhabitants of that tract, preserved their nomad mode of life; they must, however, in consequence of their trade with the interior parts of Africa, have been of the highest importance to Carthage.

5. ‘System of colonization, and, as a necessary result, that of conquest without Africa. It was the evident aim of the Carthaginians to settle on islands, and to subject them to their dominion. Those lying in the western part of the Mediterranean occupied the first place in their plan of conquest, which was completely executed in Sardinia, the Balares, and other small islands; perhaps likewise in

Corsica; in Sicily, however, they were unable to succeed to the full extent of their views. There is also every probability that the Canary islands and Madeira were entirely in their possession. On the other hand, the Carthaginians, in the times previous to the wars with Rome, were in the practice of establishing separate settlements on the main land, partly in Spain, and partly on the western shore of Africa. In the latter, they adopted the policy of their ancestors, the Phœnicians, making the settlements so small, and confining them within such narrow bounds, that the mother country might always ensure their dependence.

6. ‘The glory of extending the territory of Carthage, by important conquests, belongs principally to the family of Mago, who, together with his two sons and six grandsons, established the dominion of the republic in Sicily, Sardinia, and Africa. This occurred about the same time that Cyrus, Cambyses, and Darius were laying the foundation of the Persian monarchy, with which Carthage even then entered into connexion. The Carthaginians, therefore, made their first appearance, as extensive conquerors, in the fourth century from the foundation of their commonwealth; and it is at that period that mention is made of their first naval engagement in which the Phœnicians were their adversaries. In the same period may be dated the establishment of their colonies beyond the pillars of Hercules formed by Hanno and Himilco—both probably sons of Mago;—by the former on the coast of Africa, by the latter on that of Spain. To the same period likewise is referred the first commercial treaty between the Carthaginians and Romans, in which the former appear as already masters of Sardinia, Africa, and a portion of Sicily.

7. ‘To complete these conquests, and to preserve them when completed, the formation and support of vast fleets and armies were of indispensable necessity. According to the usual practice of those nations who apply both to trade and to war, the Carthaginian armies were composed for the most part of hirelings. No nation, however, followed this plan so extensively as the Carthaginians, for to them half Africa and Europe furnished warriors. Description of a Carthaginian army; development of the advantages and disadvantages of its organization.—Organization of their navy. The state supported very numerous fleets of war ships, with a vast crowd of slaves who wrought at the oar, and were, it seems, public property.’ Pp. 75—77.

8. ‘The political constitution of Carthage, like that of all wealthy trading states, was an aristocracy composed of the noble and the opulent, although at every period combined to a certain degree with democracy. The affairs of the state were confided to the hands of the two suffetes or kings,—who, in all probability, held their office for life—and to those of the senate, (βουλῆς) which contained within itself a more confined council (the γερουσία). The election of the magistrates depended on the people at large, who shared the legislative power with the suffetes. Civil and military power were usually divided: the offices of general and magistrate not being always as at Rome united in the same individuals,—although such an instance might not be of impossible occurrence:—on the contrary, to each military chief was appointed a committee from the senate, on which he was more or less dependent.

9. ‘The high state tribunal of the hundred was instituted as a barrier to the constitution against the attempts of the more powerful aristocrats, particularly the military leaders; indeed the brilliancy of Mago’s conquests seemed to threaten the republic with military rule; and immediately previous to his time one of the generals, Malchus, had actually made an attempt to subject Carthage. The object of the institution was no doubt attained; but in later times the council assumed to itself a power which increased to absolute despotism. It is not improbable that this court likewise constituted the close committee (the γερουσία) of the senate.

10. ‘Our information respecting the financial system of the Carthaginians is extremely meagre. The principal resources of the public revenue were, it seems, the following. 1. The tribute drawn from the federate cities, and their African subjects. The former paid in money, the latter for the most part in kind; this tribute was imposed according to the will of the government, so that in

pressing cases the taxed nations were obliged to give one half of their income. 2. The case was the same with their external provinces, particularly with Sardinia. 3. The tribute furnished by the nomad hordes, not only by those in the Regio-Syrtica, but at times also by those on the western side. 4. The customs levied with great severity, not only in Carthage, but likewise in all the colonies. 5. The products of their rich mines, particularly those situated in Spain. In the consideration of the finance of the Carthaginians, it should not be forgotten that many of the nations with whom they traded, or who fought in their armies, were unacquainted with the use of money.

11. ‘System and extent of their commerce. Their object was to secure a monopoly of the western trade; hence the practice of restricting the growth of their colonies, and of removing as much as possible all strangers from their staples. Their trade was carried on partly by sea, and partly by land. Their sea trade, arising from their colonies, extended beyond the Mediterranean, certainly as far as the coasts of Britain and of Guinea. Their land trade was carried on by caravans, consisting principally of the nomad races resident between the Syrtis: the caravans travelled westward to Ammonium and upper Egypt, southward to the land of the Garamantes, and even farther in the interior of Africa.’—Pp. 73—79.

We have remarked, throughout the volume, some slips of the pen and of the press, which ought to be corrected in any future edition.

NATURAL HISTORY.

The British Naturalist. pp. 380. 12mo. with Engravings, vol. 1st. London, 1830. Whittaker and Co.

THIS is a very uncommon book: rich in vivid pictures of nature, portrayed by a glowing pencil; rich in original remarks; and rich, even to exuberance, in vigorous language, and magnificent, though sometimes magniloquent periods. We look upon it as a very uncommon book indeed, upon such a subject; for it contains but little of what is usually found in books of Natural History, while it is full to overflowing of what is seldom found there, particularly picturesque and poetical views of the objects described, and broad sweeping generalizations of facts and phenomena; nay, what is somewhat miraculous in such a case, these are rarely *bizarre* or incorrect, but usually exhibit sound doctrine and good sense, combined with ambitious theory. The work clearly indicates that the author is a man of powerful and varied talent, capable of taking a bold rather than a minute view of nature, of wielding the telescope rather than nibbling with the microscope, and consequently better fitted for soaring with the eagle than of flitting from hedge to hedge with the wren, or sporting in the sunbeam with gnats or butterflies. He is not, therefore, in the usual meaning of the term, a naturalist at all, but a man of literary genius and acquirements who has looked at the productions of nature as the dramatist or the novelist looks at incidents in real life, that he may thence extract materials for a metaphor, a paragraph, or a sketch for a portfolio. The objects of course which attract not his attention in these points of view are passed by as unworthy of notice, while all his powers are put forth to bring his favourites prominently into the foreground, and his sketch in consequence becomes a study for a painting, not a portrait of nature, in the same way as Morland’s pigstyes never exhibit a common looking every-day pig, nor a sow wallowing in the mire, but picturesque groups of piglings crowding fondly around their dam with a neat cottage and thrifty cottagers in the background, or a surly old boar rough with shaggy bristles, ploughing up the green sward in search of roots.

The book, we think, has gained much from this very circumstance; it is really more readable and interesting to what are called general readers; and, to a mere literary man, who confines his perusals to belles lettres productions, it is almost the only book of the sort which could be named. To young read-

ers, on the contrary, and particularly to young naturalists, whose studies have been confined to the Zoological Gardens or rudimentary lessons on botany or mineralogy, the 'British Naturalist' can be of little use, not even where the author condescends to relate what he has himself seen; for his range of thought is far too excursive and distant to carry with him the sympathies of those who do not know almost as much of the subject as he does himself. His descriptions, in a word, are far too finely written to be familiar; too ambitious and too polished to be graphic; too lofty and high-drawn to be understood or relished by the young. Indeed, the two qualities of interesting graphic familiarity and wide generalization couched in strong but polished diction are quite incompatible; and the author, in decidedly adopting the one, has in a great measure excluded the other.

To come to the plan of the book, in conformity to the character we have just sketched of his genius, he discards all the arrangements of naturalists, and at once determines to climb 'the mountain,' describing, as he proceeds, the eagle, the ptarmigan and other denizens of the place; he thence descends to 'the lakes' and 'the rivers,' which he follows to 'the sea,' and from this makes an excursion to 'the moon,' where he subsequently finds 'the brook.' These are the titles of the chapters in this volume, and in the next we shall probably find him in the forest, the lawn, and the meadow. We have said nothing of his 'Introduction,' which is by far the worst, as it ought to be the best portion of the volume; it is laboured, lengthy, and repulsive, and gives almost no foretaste (except pp. 34-7) of the rich treat that is to follow.

We ourselves have loved mountains from our childhood—mountains with wooded valleys running up into their cliffs, and cascades leaping down into them and gleaming in the sunshine—the very symbol of youthful freedom, whirling and rushing on through rocky barriers and dashing over precipices, foaming and fearless like a patriot trampling on tyrants. Then to mark the far off sound of the waters—how soft it swells and sinks again as the breeze flirts by—while the glorious garniture of the morning sky beyond the mountain-tops streaks the brow of the firmament and fringes the dark clouds with sunny splendour:

Then this we to the mountains—O! once more
We long to swathe us in the streaming mist,
That wreathes its tresses beautifully hoar
Upon the crested mountain—to be blessed
With still sweet solitude, where the stream is kiss'd
By woods, that bend them o'er it lovingly;
And free to rhyme, and ramble as we list,
To wander 'mid the thousand thoughts that lie
Slumbering by lonely lake, or visioned in the sky.

The opening paragraph of our author's chapter on 'the Mountain,' is in his loftiest style:

'This mighty and majestic feature of nature inspires the beholder with a feeling of immensity and power, like that which arises when he gazes on an interminable desert or a boundless ocean. No eye, however uninstructed, and no heart, however steeld, can fail to have been impressed by a sense and a feeling of the sublime and the awful, as he beholds those huge and mysterious bulwarks, towering through the air, like pyramids connecting earth with heaven,—their sides girdled with the forests, and their summits crowned with the snows of a thousand years. Whether we look upon them from the plain, rearing their dark and giant forms into the regions of the sky, and flinging down their cataracts with the resistlessness of time and the roar of thunder,—or wander amid their vast solitudes and horrid wastes, listening to the rush of the wind among their pine-organs, startling the eagle from his eyrie, and intruding upon the birth-place of the storm; and glancing down through some cleft in the clouds, far below us, upon the earth, which we seem to have left, with its towns and rivers lying like the painted dots and lines upon a map,—we are alike struck by a revelation of wonders, before which the spirit falls prostrate, and acknowledges that, with a presence which there is no doubting, "God is" indeed "here,"

'But it is not to be imagined that these mighty evidences of an immortal workmanship are idle and unnecessary excrescences upon the otherwise fair and even surface of the earth which they overlook; or that their wildernesses are set apart as the dwelling-place of desolation, or their caverns as the home in which the "blackness of darkness" abides. It is not to be supposed that nature, (all whose other schemes are so replete with a visible beneficence,) where she has worked upon her mightiest scale, has worked idly or ill; or that she has created a machinery before whose stupendous materials and motions the feeble imitations of man are as the productions of insignificance, but in the service of him to whose good her minutest operations tend. To say nothing of the stones, crystals, and metals which they contain within their womb,—to say nothing of the timber which hardens on their sides, or the fuel which forms in their hearts,—not even to mention the medicinal plants which owe their birth to the chill air of these upland wastes,—nor the thousand other benefits which man in his civilised and social state, gathers from these great garner-houses,—they are the reservoirs from which the world is watered, and the fertilising principle shed abroad throughout the earth. By a process infinitely designed and beautifully framed, working with immensity as unerringly as if it were with atoms, the peaks of the mountains are fitted for the arrest and distillation of the clouds which gather round and overhang them, making half their mystery and horror; and their interior is formed into a thousand basins and canals in which the waters are gathered, and by which they are poured out, in streams of life and with voices of gladness, through the plains. By that beneficent working which, "from seeming evil still educes good," the waste of glacier and the wilderness of snow send forth, upon their triumphant paths, the Rhine, the Danube, and the Nile; and of the apparent desolation of the mountains are born the beauty, the glory, and the fruitfulness of the earth.

'But, to the eye of science, they present yet another source of interest and gratitude, scarcely less important. Piled up as they are, like huge portions of the central earth, flung out by some antediluvian convulsion, and with their sides laid bare by the violence of tempests, and exhibiting the naked strata of which they are constructed,—they enable us to investigate many of the secrets of that earth on which we tread, and which must, otherwise, remain concealed, within its inaccessible depths. They are like vast warehouses, in which nature has congregated samples of her works for the inspection of science,—like libraries, written by no mortal hand, in which may be read her mysteries, by those whom study has made acquainted with her language. By a careful perusal of their construction, and of the materials of which they are composed,—by observation of their various phenomena, and of that of the atmosphere by which they are surrounded, together with the relative influences of each upon the other,—we may, at length, discover the mechanism of the earth, and the grand problem regarding the formation of the world may be, one day, solved.'—Pp. 41-43.

Of lakes, he speaks in the same glowing spirit:

'The consideration of this division, of the more striking features of the earth's surface, properly follows the last, inasmuch as lakes are usual accompaniments of mountain scenery, and form part of the machinery, by which nature works for the transposition of those waters, which are distilled by and gathered into the hills; as well as for the provision of those vapours, with which the air feeds these huge alembics of the earth. In what is, unscientifically enough, called the new world, and particularly in Canada, these inland waters have a character somewhat different from that which they assume in this portion of the globe, of which our island forms a part;—extending to the magnitude, and exhibiting most of the phenomena of seas, and standing in less immediate and visible connection with mountain ranges, to which they owe their birth. In Europe, the principal lakes are those of Switzerland; to which, with their surrounding scenery, those in the northern parts of our own island, bear in all respects, a close resemblance.

'Here, they present to the eye an appearance which at once indicates their origin, and exhibits in immediate connection with each other, the various parts of that eter-

nal process, by which the vivifying principle is preserved from stagnation, and the spirit of fruitfulness poured over the earth. Embosomed in deep valleys, and shut in by circling hills—fed by the streams and torrents, that pour from the uplands, opening chasms in the mountains, and wearing fissures in the cliff; or by the countless streams that penetrate towards the earth's centre, till, turned by some stratum of rock they burst upwards, in springs, amidst the hidden depths, and presenting a surface, from which, in turn, the air may gather exhalations, and send up to the mountain peak, volumes of clouds, laden with fresh materials for the action of their appointed part in the beautiful design, they afford to the naturalist a field of never wearying interest, and to rational man a theme of gratitude, adoration, and love.

'To the enthusiast in the picturesque, nature no where presents an aspect of such varied beauty, as amid these combinations of hill and water and glade. That monotony which characterizes a wide expanse of unbroken plain, even when clothed in a mantle of uniform hue, and that unrelieved sense of awe and loneliness which a mountain range, without this soothing accompaniment, is apt to suggest, are, alike, absent here. All that is most sublime, is softened by all that is most beautiful; and all that is most beautiful is elevated by all that is most sublime. The pervading and perpetual presence of the water, clothes the earth in its richest robe of verdure; and there is a spirit of life and motion over all, which prevents that feeling of oppression and melancholy, with which man finds himself bowed down in the immediate presence of nature, in her mightier agencies. The air is full of soothing sounds, poured from a thousand natural sources; the ripple of the mimic wave upon the mimic beach; the murmur of the cascade; the roaring of the cataract; the sighing of the breeze, or the rushing of the blast among the rocking woods; all blend to one wild, but enchanting harmony, repeated by a thousand voices, from hill and grove and glade—that it might well suggest a mythology, like that of the Greeks of old, and lead the imagination to people every cliff and stream and tree, with a dryad or a faun.'—Pp. 94-96.

We shall once more follow our author to 'the river.'

'There is no object in nature, of which the associations are more delightful, than a river. The mountain and the lake have their sublimity; and in the economy of nature, they have their uses. The mountain is the father of streams, and the lake is the regulator of their discharge. The lofty summit attracts and breaks the clouds, which would otherwise not be carried so far inland, or would pass over without falling to fertilize the earth. These are collected in snow, and laid up as a store against the bleak drought of the spring; and as the water, into which the melting snow is gradually converted during the thaw, penetrates deep into the fissures of the rock, and into the porous strata of loose materials, the fountains continue to pour out their cooling stores during the summer. The lake, as has been mentioned, prevents the waste of water, which would otherwise take place in mountain rivers, as well as the ravage and ruin by which that waste would be attended.

'These have their beauty and their value; but they can, in neither respect, be compared to the river. They are fixed in their places, but that is continually in motion,—the emblem of life;—the source of fertility, the active servant of man; and one of the greatest means of intercourse, and, consequently, of civilization. The spots where man first put forth his powers as a rational being, were on the banks of rivers; and, if no Euphrates had rolled its waters to the Indian ocean, and no Nile its flood to the Mediterranean, the learning of the Chaldeans, and the wisdom of the Egyptians, would never have shone forth; and the western world, which is indebted to them for the rudiments of science, and the spirit that leads to the cultivation of science, might still have been in a state of ignorance and barbarity, no ways superior to that of the nations of Australia, where the want of rivers separates the people into little hordes, and prevents that general intercourse which is essential to even a very moderate degree of civilization.

'The river is a minister of health and purity. It carries off the superabundant moisture, which, if stagnating on the surface of the ground, would be injurious both to

plants and animals. It carries off to the sea those saline products, which result from animal and vegetable decomposition, and which soon convert into deserts those places where there are no streams. When the alkalis and alkaline earths, that enter into the composition of organized bodies, are once united with the more powerful acids, they cease to be capable of again forming part of the living structure. Lime, which, chiefly combined with phosphoric acid, enters largely into the composition of bones, combines more intimately with sulphuric acid, and is then unavailing for animal purposes. It is the same with those alkalis, which enter into the composition of plants and animals. Potass and soda are the alkalis usually found in vegetables; and the acids, with which they are found in combination, are, principally, the carbonic and acetic; though, in saline plants growing near the sea, there is usually a small portion of muriate of soda, or common salt. Now these combinations are easily dissolved by sulphuric or nitric acid, and the compounds which these form with the alkalis cannot be again dissolved by the weaker acids; so that if potass of soda be once united to either of those acids, it ceases to be fit for entering into the vegetable structure. The alkali which is found most abundant in animal structures, is soda, and the acids with which it is found combined are principally the muriatic and phosphoric, or some having a weaker attraction for it than the muriatic. Ammonia is obtained abundantly in the decomposition of animal matter; but there is much reason to believe that it is formed during the process. Now, whenever any of those salts are changed to the nitrate or the sulphate, or when any of their alkaline bases are combined with nitric or sulphuric acid,—combinations that are sure to take place in every instance, when the salt or the base comes in contact with either of these acids—a substance is formed which cannot, by any natural process of which we have any knowledge, be again separated so that the alkali may again enter into the composition of an organic structure. Thus, if these substances were allowed to remain, they would gradually accumulate, and the termination both of animal and of vegetable life would be the consequence.

Of this we have many proofs; in those warm regions which, through want of irrigation by water, have become deserts, there is always a crust of some of those salts upon the surface; and the beds of dried-up lakes in warm climates contain quantities of the same, while all their vicinity is sterile. On the surface of the neglected lands, the coat is comparatively thin, but in the basins that once were lakes (as in some of those in Mexico) it is several inches, or even feet, in thickness. The greater thickness in the beds of the lakes, shows that there must have been an accumulation there while the bed was filled with water; and hence it is evident that the purification of the soil from saline compounds, deleterious to vegetable and animal life, is one of the most important functions of rivers; and if not so immediately necessary to the existing race of beings, at least essential to their permanent continuation.

Rivers also tend to purify the air, as well as to drain the earth of deleterious matter. The current of water that descends from the high ground, causes a gradual motion in the air, by which that over different kinds of surfaces is interchanged. This is all that is meant by purifying the air. When it remains long over any particular kind of surface, it ceases to take up the effluvia, which, by stagnating, would be converted into a poison. It is by changes of this kind that winds, hurricanes, and thunder-storms, are said to clear the air; and what they do with violence, is silently done by the ever-flowing current of a living stream.—Pp. 141–144.

We should have been glad if the author had given us throughout nothing but his own observations, as Mr. Knapp has exclusively and delightfully done in his 'Journal of a Naturalist.' In this case we might indeed have met with mistakes—as no human being, however gifted, can avoid these—but they would not have been what we must call book mistakes, like several rather glaring ones in the 'British Naturalist.' Respecting 'moors,' the author remarks,

Though the very name expresses a certain character of bleakness, there is a feeling of freedom about it. It is not nature either in the terror of her majesty, or in the

tastefulness of her beauty; but still it is nature, where man has not altered her appearance.

We are not sure if there be any place where the heart beats so lightly, and the breathing is so free, as when we enter upon one of those wide expanses; and, whether it be the Alpine table-land, purple with the blossom, or green with the young shoots of the heath, where there is nothing to interrupt the course of your meditations, or chequer the uniformity of the wide scene, save the white tops of the cat's-tail grass, (*phleum alpinum*) playing over some little morass, like spray over a rock in the midst of the dark sea, and where the ear catches hardly a sound, save the patting foot-fall of the deer, as he springs buoyant in the invigorating atmosphere,—the booming of a bittern, as he shakes the quagmire in some hollow,—or the croak of the raven, as he limps cold and sullen from behind some stone; whether it be this,—which is wedded to sublimity, and would be sublime if there were not so much of it,—or any of the gradations down to the common, which just rises above the fertile fields, with its green bushes browzed to perfect hemispheres, and its cowslips and wild hyacinths, with the twitter of the little birds,—the chirp of the grasshopper, as he dances carelessly from flower to flower,—or the tinkle of that sheep-bell, the least musical of metallic instruments,—one stands in doubt which the most to admire; and can resolve it only by admiring them all. They are admired in turn, according to the mood of the mind; or rather, each one has the power of raising the mind to that mood which is best adapted to its own admiration.

In this short extract the author has committed no less than three errors, all obvious to the merest tyro in natural history. The grasshopper never does dance from flower to flower, as it is never seen on flowers at all; the Alpine cat's-tail grass, (*Phleum Alpinum*) is not 'white,' but purple brown, though its associate grasses, the *criophora*, are snow white; and the bittern, in booming, does 'shake the quagmire,' but flies high in the air. The latter mistake was exposed nearly two hundred years ago by the celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, in his 'Vulgar Errors.' 'That a bittern,' says he, 'maketh that mug-gent noise, or as we term it, bumping, by putting its bill into a reed, as most believe, or as Bellonius and Aldrovandus conceive, by putting the same in water or mud, and after a while retaining the air, by suddenly excluding it again, is not so easily made out;' and he goes not to give his reasons for his opinion. The author is the more inexcusable upon this point, from its having been within the year discovered by several intelligent correspondents in the 'Magazine of Natural History.' None of these mistakes, however, are so bad in a merely scientific point of view, as his talking of 'the nervous system,' in insects, being 'ramified from the brain contained in the head,' (page 379,) for insects are well ascertained to have no brain, but a series of ganglia, from each of which nerves proceed.

These few blemishes, however, will only startle a few scientific readers, should they chance to look into the book; but sink into nothing when compared with the author's fine descriptions of the wild cat, the otter, the salmon, the herring, the lapwing, grouse, &c., which are superior to any thing of the same kind with which we have ever met. His compilations on the whale, the torpedo, gymnotus, water flies, &c., we do not like. Where he compiles he is hasty, and not careful; where he writes from what he has seen, (except pp. 345, &c.) he is above all praise.

THE BIJOU.

The Bijou: an Annual of Literature and the Arts. 8vo. pp. 238. London, 1829. Pickering.

We have already noticed the illustrations of the 'Bijou,' and shown them to be quite worthy to enter the lists with any of the rival annuals. In speaking of its literary contents, we have only to add that they place it in the same relative situation with regard to its competitors which its embellishments so justly claim. In one respect, indeed, we see reason

to give it the preference over all similar publications of its rank; namely, that its articles are less superabundant in pure fiction, that the romances are more often founded in fact, that the most of them have a good and obvious moral, and that they seem to have been selected for the purpose of instructing as well as of amusing.

It is not often that events so closely resembling the unromantic occurrences of common life as those which constitute the narration from which we make the following extract, forms a suitable subject for public entertainment; yet we regard the 'Long Engagements' as an excellent specimen of the union of reality and romance. Much, no doubt, is to be ascribed to the judgment and tact with which the tale is told; but its principal merit is the lessons which it inculcates by implication. These are admirable; and the example the narrative exhibits cannot be studied without advantage. The title is a sufficient introduction to the following passages:

One sultry evening we called there about sunset, and were ushered into the grounds at the back of the house. This was the spot more particularly appropriated to the children's sports, and the care of its flowers was committed to them chiefly. A belt of shrubs divided it from the fruit and kitchen gardens. In the centre of this belt was a reservoir, erected after a model of Mr. Long's own devising, who amused the ample leisure of his retirement by several similar contrivances. On this evening they had cooled the very air by their liberal distribution of its contents, and were bringing their sportive labour to a close when another visitor introduced himself, unannounced, into the garden. Laura stepped forward, and as she raised her eyes she perceived the person who had joined the party. She did not recollect having seen him before, but so much cordiality and affection were mingled with the pleasure with which he was looking at the domestic scene, that she felt instantly persuaded that he was entitled to be there. The stranger came forward the moment he was perceived, and Laura renouncing her intention to run off in the contrary direction to call her mother, composed herself as quickly as she could, and went to meet him. He accounted for his intrusion by saying, he had heard that he should find his uncle and aunt, with their family, in the garden. Throwing off instantly her timidity, and holding out her hand, while she cast back her head to catch a full view of his countenance, "O, I was sure that I ought to know you!" said Laura, "papa and mama will be both of them so glad! How came I not to guess it was you, cousin Lawrence? but we did not know that you were landed yet."

"Those who were older than you were when I left England, might well be excused for not immediately knowing me again," answered he; "and if I had met you any where but here, I should not have known that I was privileged to greet you as my cousin—my cousin Laura, is it not? Yet I can hardly believe it." He examined her earnestly as he spoke, endeavouring to make out in the animated girl before him, the chubby child whom he remembered as his eldest cousin. Laura had now attained the height of a woman of the middle size. Her form was admirably constructed, and the glow of her complexion and the radiance of her eyes were calculated to do any thing rather than suggest the idea of a "pale, unripened beauty of the north," to the late sojourner among the black charmers of the burning cast. Lawrence looked on her with a wondering delight which did not escape his observation. This first impression was followed by effects which are far from always succeeding such beginnings. The cousins fell in love after the good old way, that is, provided the old way were the good one; at any rate they did so in the best way, the gentleman's lively, fervent admiration exciting the fair lady's gratitude. The parents did not think of the thing till it was done; and then they, the father especially, took it patiently. But Lawrence was obliged to return to India, and they would not consent to an immediate marriage on account of Laura's extreme youth, and her lover's unsettled condition. The young people were, however, permitted to pledge their faith to one another; and were to marry as soon after Laura had completed her seventeenth year as circumstances would permit. The effects of this engagement upon Laura are worth noting. She was at

this time not more than fifteen. While Lawrence was with her she continued to enjoy herself as she had done, without pausing to reflect on her new emotions or their cause, or appearing to advert to the time, so near at hand, when he must leave her; and was still, in short, a happy, thoughtless child; but a striking change appeared when he was gone. To herself it seemed as if a length of years had passed over her since the evening when her cousin surprised her in the grounds; while, to her neighbours, the change in her appeared so sudden, that it looked as if she had been struck by a fairy's wand. Her brother and sisters were her playfellows no longer; an immeasurable space seemed now to divide her thoughts and counsels from those of Emily, the girl next her in age. All things around her lost, in a great measure, their interest. Laura, indeed, lived only for the absent; and as Lawrence frequently besought her in his letters to guard well the treasure of beauty and health which he had left behind him, she desired to keep her beauty uninjured. But Laura seemed not only desirous to preserve herself for her lover, but to do, so sacredly for him alone, that she begrudged a sight of her good looks to all but their right owner; resembling the image used by Solomon, "a fountain sealed up is my sister, my spouse."—Pp. 161—164.

Meanwhile her correspondence with her cousin did not slacken. His letters showed no diminution in his estimation of her worth, no shade of a desire to retract his engagement; but by degrees they grew graver. He wrote to her as to one inseparably mixed up in his concerns, to whom nothing which befell him was indifferent; but they were more the letters of a trusted and trustworthy friend than of a passionate lover. Subjects of importance were sometimes discussed in them, in a way in which they might have been with a friendly relation of his own sex. To answer him adequately was a serious task; and in the same graduated manner in which the tone of his correspondence was changed, Laura grew conscious that, in order to keep pace with what the lapse of time caused her betrothed to expect from her, it would no longer be enough that she should substitute the well bred lady for the blooming girl, she must also attend to the cultivation of her mind, and add information to her polished manners. Earnestly she endeavoured to meet this new demand; unsupported for a time by any other proof that she had laboured with success, except the increasing solidity of her cousin's letters. As he did not seem to think it requisite to apologize for addressing her on any topic which might interest him, she was at liberty to infer, if she pleased, that he looked on her as capable of entering, without effort, into all he said. Laura was thus led to cultivate a pretty extensive portion of the field of knowledge; and the habits of mind which thus induced made it easy and pleasant to pursue the work, when no such stimulus led to it. She began to relish mental occupation for the mere sake of the wide views which it opened to her; and thus, while she was engrossed with the thought of making herself worthy of the continued attachment of her lover, laid the foundation of a character of great value to herself, let its effects be what they might on him.

Again Lawrence's letters underwent a change. They had latterly betrayed no small ambition, and some wish for wealth, so expressed, however, as to show that the idea of his cousin was intimately blended with the whole of his desires; but now their whole tone was languid. He had succeeded moderately well in attaining riches and station. It was well; for his health no longer allowed him to continue their pursuit with ardour enough to promise him success: and he announced that he had resolved so to wind up his affairs as to allow him to return to his country and his friends as quickly as he was able; but he grieved, he said, to perceive that considerable time must yet elapse before he could behold them. Laura received from him two or three packets after that in which he declared this intention. They were none of them wanting in kindness to herself; but she was shocked to perceive in every line of each that manner which proves that the writer is too sick to rejoice at any thing truly; and alarm for his health superseded in her mind all other considerations. No care to ascertain the nature or degree of the love which he retained for her; no anxiety to prepare him for the state of her own beauty appeared in her answers. They were like those of an affectionate and

faithful wife, who looked for the return of a sick husband; and Lawrence himself seemed principally to regard his return as a restoration to a home where he might rest among kind friends, and be recruited.

At length he arrived; eight years having elapsed since the time of his former visit. The season of this second arrival was also midsummer, and the hour was afternoon. Laura was watching for him at the window, for at this time his speed was not such as to outrun the post, and she had had warning of his coming. She flew down the house steps the moment the carriage stopped to meet him,—not as she would or could have met a lover. She hastened to receive a sick relation and tried friend, full of anxiety to ascertain his state, and of pity for his sufferings. Laura had made no toilette for the occasion; she was but dressed as usual at that time of day. Since she had been more intent on cultivating her manners and her mind than on preserving her charms, she permitted her attire without much thought on her part to follow with temperance such variations of the mode as suited her age and her station. At this moment her fine hair was very well arranged, the contour of her arms was displayed through thin white sleeves, and her beautiful throat was uncovered. Contrary to her custom, she rushed out of the hall without either shawl or bonnet; and with looks in which pitying tenderness combined with, and were stronger still than joy, while self was entirely forgotten, presented herself again before the eyes of her faint, wearied cousin; holding out, with the most frank and unembarrassed affection, one of her arms for his support, while her father, on the other side, offered his assistance. She was not at leisure to feel bashful. Lawrence's sickly face was suffused with a pale red the moment he beheld her; and his first words were an ejaculation of surprise. This feeling was evidently mixed with other and stronger emotions, which, in the weakened condition of his frame, all his manhood was required to enable him to bear without signs of agitation. He did muster strength, however, to go through the first meeting with his betrothed and her friends with a decent external composure. It was not till the next day that he spoke of what he felt; and then it was Laura's turn to be surprised, and delighted, for Lawrence then told her that the astonishment and admiration with which at his arrival he beheld the angel of elegance and beauty, who, after such a lapse of years, came to the carriage side to welcome him, was painfully mixed with regret, almost amounting to shame, at the thoughts of his own altered and shattered condition.—Pp. 169—173.

'The Governess' is another story founded on facts, rendered interesting with very little embellishment. 'Lorenzo il Traditore' is an historical romance, in which the truth of history is adhered to as closely as the mode of constructing these inventions of modern days will admit. 'The Student of Padua' is of the ultra-romantic faction. The poetry, in general, is not to be remarked for its extraordinary power. As is the case with most of the annuals of the season, the productions of the ladies in this kind bear away the palm from the stouter sex. 'The Legend of the Floure of Souvenance,' by Mrs. Godwin, is especially a very pretty effusion.

SPANISH BALLADS.

Romancero de Romances Moriscos compuesto de todos los de esta clase que contiene el Romancero General impreso en 1614. Por Don Agustin Duran. 12vo. Madrid, 1823.

Collection of Moorish Ballads, comprising all such of that class as are contained in the 'General Romancero' or Collection of Ballads printed in 1614, &c. &c.

ALTHOUGH the trammels in which the Spanish press is bound, effectually prevent the production of any new works in that language animated by the spirit of independence and truth which is required to make it respected, yet we cannot deny to the inhabitants of the Peninsula the merit of re-producing works of olden time which breathe a certain character of chivalrous hardihood much more accordant with the elevation which thought begins to re-assume in Spain, than the humiliating defer-

ence and servile imitation of the French, to which, during the last few centuries, the literature of that country has been reduced, partly by its own lamentable decay, and partly by the very efforts which have been made to restore it.

Thus a collection of pieces from the ancient Spanish theatre is supported by a very liberal subscription, and already reckons three-and-twenty numbers, each containing two dramas. All are selected from the best dramatic authors. At the same time a translation into Spanish has been undertaken, and is now in progress of publication, of 'Boutterwek's History of Spanish Literature,' enriched, moreover, with important additions, and notices of books yet unedited and for ages neglected and forgotten among the dust of libraries and archives. The Senor Duran likewise has engaged to re-print the rich collection of Spanish ballads, of every description, commencing with those known under the name of Moorish, which are to be found in the voluminous and rare work, entitled 'Romancero General,' as it was amplified and improved by Pedro de Flores, and printed in 4to. in Madrid, in the year 1614, by Juan de la Cuesta. The present editor tells us, that if his work meets with a favourable reception, he will continue publishing 'not only Moorish ballads, which are to be found scattered through other collections, but also the pieces, amorous, pastoral, historical, heroic, satirical, and humorous, which do credit to the literature of his native country or serve to throw light on the history of that literature.'

The intentions of the worthy editor are decidedly praiseworthy, and his diligence well deserves encouragement. We must be permitted, however, to observe that the public, when summoned in our days to a new examination of the venerable remains of a celebrated literature, and, more especially of a particular branch of it, so distinguished as are its ballads, has a right to expect to have laid before it something more than a mere literal re-print of a portion of an ancient collection, originally got together without order or taste, and which possesses no more value than what it derives from the merits of many excellent compositions found in it jumbled together without method, and the scarcity of the copies both in Spain and abroad.

Before the editor announced his intention of completing the valuable mass of 'Moorish Ballads,' which are to be found dispersed in other collections, he ought at least to have given a more systematic distribution to those which he now publishes, distinguishing for instance, and placing in separate divisions, those of mere fiction, and those which are either strictly historical, or founded on some real fact. In the second place, with regard to these last, he ought to have illustrated them with appropriate notes, as well in reference to the event from which they are taken, as to the points in which the truth of history is embellished or distorted by popular tradition, as is the case with many; as also the allusions to persons, incidents, and even literary discussions and opinions which many of them contain. In the third place, it seems to us to have been the duty of the present editor to notice the variations which are sufficiently remarkable between some of those contained in the collection of 1614, and the corresponding ones to be read in other contemporary works, such for example as the very curious one, entitled 'History of the Factions of Zegries and Abencerrages, Moorish Knights of Grenada, translated into Spanish, by Gines Perez de Hita.' Lastly, to make sure, at all events, of a good reception from the public, on which depends the subsequent publication of this treasure at once historical and poetical, of Spanish literature, the editor ought, it seems to us, to have adopted a different plan, that is to say, that as he has literally re-produced the 'Moorish Ballads,' of the collection of Flores, and as all these together form but a single volume, and that a small and thin one, he should have given it somewhat more bulk by including in it all the Moorish ballads really histori-

cal, which are to be found scattered in the first and second parts of Gines Perez de Hita, or buried in the collection of ballads of Anveres, and a few others of the most popular, and have omitted from his book many ballads which have nothing Moorish but the mere name, or at most, the incident on which the composition turns. Our editor gives us a little in fact, and a little only, of the much that is good which he might have presented, had he made the necessary distinction between the ballads which under the name of Moorish men or women, the Philis and Damon of the authors, allude to the amours of Christians, and those which relate to or celebrate the true and real history of chivalrous adventures between individuals of the two nations.

Romancero i Historia del mui valeroso caballero el Cid Rui Diaz de Vibar, en lenguaje antiguo recopilado por Juan de Escobar. Edicion completa anadida i adornada con una version Castellana de la Vida del Cid por el famoso Historiador aleman Don Juan de Muller. 18vo. En Francoforte, 1828.

Ballads and History of the most valiant Knight the Cid Rui Diaz de Vibar in ancient language, compiled by Juan de Escobar. Complete edition, with the addition of a version in Spanish of the Life of the Cid, by the celebrated German Historian Don Juan de Muller. 18mo.

THIS is a reprint of the same kind as that undertaken by the Senor Duran, with respect to the Moorish ballads, with the difference, however, that the work of the German editor is of a more methodical nature and of less compass as regards its object, in as much as nothing was to be done but copy the old work word for word. The 'Ballads of the Cid,' as is well known, present a body of popular historical poetry, such as the literature of no other country can show. It is curious to see the assemblage of a vast number of compositions of various periods of time, of various languages and styles, truth mixed up with fable, the ordinary with the marvellous, what is low with what is sublime, and almost ever what is natural with what is interesting, yet having reference all to the life, exploits, and worth of a single man, in whom they shone in a degree to excite the enthusiasm of a generous and magnanimous people, and who raised himself to an undisputable precedence to all other heroes.

The acts of the Cid, whether they form the subject of severer history, or that they are exalted and magnified by the transforming pen of poetry, afford the most fruitful of all subjects for song, and for situations for the drama; and the collection of ballads known under the title of 'Romancero del Cid,' is one among the richest in beauty of this description.

Of the ancient Spanish editions of this collection, the most complete is that of Don Juan de Escobar. It has been reprinted several times both in Spain and in foreign countries, but was very rare until, in the year 1818, Don Vizente Gonzalez del Reguero published his with a life of the Cid prefixed, and following Escobar in the text and order of the ballads. Under the pretext that the sanction of history was wanting to them, Reguero omitted twenty-four of the ballads published by Escobar: yet there is reason to suspect that the true motive was, that the burthen of the greater part of the excluded romances turns on vulgar traditions favourable to the national rights and liberties, inasmuch as they tend to limit the royal authority as well as the exorbitant pretensions of the court of Rome, and to check the papal pride. All these the German editor has inserted in his Frankfort reprint; and in order, it should seem, to make the merit of completeness in his edition more obvious, has put the twenty-four ballads suppressed by Escobar in a supplement. In our opinion he would have done better to have incorporated them in their due respective places, according to the thread of history, with some mark necessary to distinguish the addition, or we should rather say the restorations,

On the whole, this Frankfort edition is not only the most complete, but also the most beautiful which has yet been made of the celebrated Cid ballads. To this may be added, that it contains the life of the Cid, written with ease and elegance, and with a certain air of romance, but without prejudice to the truth of history. The translation of the text of Muller, although it wants much of deserving to be called good, is nevertheless passable. The little book is altogether a literary gem.

The German editor supposes that his publication contains all the ballads of the Cid that are known: in this, however, he is in error. There are a great many others printed in former times, and dispersed through a great number of collections of songs and ballads, almost all very rare. We have ourselves seen many of them, and we know that a man of letters among the Spanish emigrants in London, is preparing an edition of them, and has already collected for his purpose more than sixty, over and above the one hundred and two contained in the collection of Escobar.

MEMOIRS OF JOHN SHIPP.

Memoirs of the extraordinary Military Career of John Shipp, late a Lieutenant in his Majesty's 87th Regiment. Written by himself. 3 vols. 8vo. Hurst and Co. London, 1830.

IT is not our practice to take formal notice of second editions, but the case of the brave Lieutenant Shipp seems to be one in which we may deviate from our general rules, without fear of reproach. It is one of the most striking instances of the disproportion between the facility of creating and that of demolishing which we can call to mind. It is more astounding even than the fall of the Brunswick, and seems more calculated to excite commiseration. It makes one tremble when we view, thus exposed, the very slight foundation on which the best erected fortunes and reputations are based, and when we see what a mere puff is able to upset them. This valiant and useful officer had worked his way to the rank he held by a succession of meritorious exploits, almost unheard of, and any single one of which would counterbalance a hundred such errors, venial under any other circumstances, as that by which his fortune was overthrown, could each be weighed by its separate and intrinsic merits: and yet a single injudicious act, one moment's absence of caution, has deprived this gallant man of all the advantages of his repeated exertions, of his heroic self-devotion on many an occasion, and of years of useful services. Nor can any body be blamed for this result: it is but a natural effect of the slight tenure by which all sublunary goods are held—of the necessary frailty of our nature.

Lieutenant Shipp himself seems to bow to that necessity, if we may call it so, of his fate. And if he repines not, what is it in others but officiousness to clamour against the destiny under which he has sunk? Yet in his case, and it is an interesting one, those must be few who cannot feel for it, even, by imagination at least, with a fellow-feeling: and we cannot believe that a man who has proved himself on so many occasions deserving in so high a degree, will be long allowed to suffer the bitter consequences even of his own imprudence. We cannot doubt that by the good offices of those who have the power he will be restored ere long to his station, or find promotion and employment in some other mode of life. What an excellent adjutant major of police such a man would make! Could his history allow us to doubt it, the clear views of the duties of an officer, and the excellent lessons contained in the supplementary contents of the new edition of his work, would amply attest his fitness for any appointment in which the drilling and disciplining of men, for whatever purpose, are concerned.

It may be serving Lieut. Shipp, to give a specimen of the contents of his additional chapters. If it should

not have the good fortune to draw on the author the attention of persons who may have it in their power to serve him, it can hardly fail of procuring him purchasers for his book among military men. The following passages are from his chapter of advice to young officers:

'If you have enrolled your name in the list of the defenders of your country's freedom and glory, and expect that your duty will permit your days to glide on with uninterrupted ease and tranquillity—that an officer's life is only another name for a genteel red-coated indolence,—you will find yourself wofully disappointed. I make this observation, not to induce the gloomy and repelling idea that a soldier's life is one of incessant turmoil, fatigue, and wretchedness, but to prevent that false estimate of the condition of a military officer which often deludes and injures the inexperienced in the commencement of their career. I have in several instances observed the influence of this erroneous anticipation of perfect ease and enjoyment on the character of young soldiers, and have as often regretted that more accurate information had not been previously obtained, to prevent its evil effects.

'On first entering his regiment, is highly advisable that the young officer should select those acquaintances from whose knowledge and experience he may obtain the various information he will find it necessary to acquire. It is only by such acquaintances, and by making continual observations himself, that his professional capacity can be formed and improved. If he associate with those whose volitive dispositions too frequently make them recoil from the labour of military (or indeed any other) study, it is probable that he will contract those habits of carelessness which, first, induce him to underrate the necessity and value of military knowledge, then gradually unfit him for its acquirement, and at length leave him contemptibly superficial, and dependant, perhaps, on a lance-corporal for the requisite instruction to put a company through the simplest evolution. Nor is the evil of associating with these butterfly characters merely productive of professional deficiency: it affects the young officer to an equal extent in a different way. Those who make pleasure and gaiety their chief or only object, form habits of extravagance which are ill suited to the dimensions of their purse; and the new-comer is of course too delicate and liberal to condemn their unwarrantable expenses, or refuse to pay an equal price with the rest for the agreeable title of a generous, merry, good-hearted fellow. It is thus that habits of waste and profusion are formed and confirmed, and produce those pecuniary embarrassments from the effects of which it requires much time and privation to escape. And hence we are at once informed of the cause of so many officers being in our army who appear to have about them nothing of the soldier but the regimental coat and feathered cap. To counteract the influence of such baneful examples, and thus to preserve the disposition to gain military instruction, is of primary importance to a young gentleman on entering the army.

'The first requisite for the professional respectability of a young officer, is a knowledge of his various duties,—thus to be at once a theoretical and a practical soldier. This can be acquired with ease and pleasure, if the consideration of its importance be allowed to generate a desire to obtain it. Private lessons from some well-drilled and experienced non-commissioned officers are the first means which a young gentleman should seek and adopt. This mode of obtaining instruction will be found efficient and agreeable, and will quickly remove that awkwardness and timidity which are so generally obvious on the first introduction of a youth to the army. As this method affords every facility of having any difficult part of exercise explained and illustrated, it is excellently calculated to prevent the beginner from making, at the various public drills which he may have to attend, those ludicrous blunders which excite the sometimes rough, and always unpleasant, rebukes of the superintending officer, and the laughter and ridicule of the spectators. It is a most injurious opinion which exists in the minds of some young men, that they degrade their dignity by asking instruction of any one; as though they could, by a miracle, get that knowledge in an hour which takes months of patient application to attain. I would never have a man

so far underrate his own powers as to imagine he can learn nothing but what is taught him by others; but that supercilious silence which disdains to inquire about that which a man does not, yet ought to know, is highly ridiculous and contemptible. A private soldier may often be able to prevent you from committing a mistake which would not only cost you the mortification of incurring the jeers of more experienced officers, but get you secretly laughed at by the private men, who naturally enough expect that those who presume to command should be free from gross professional ignorance, though they may not display any perfection or excellence of military science. This reminds me of an occurrence to which I was a witness, and I will here relate the anecdote, to illustrate what I have just advanced.

'A youth, one morning, either from ignorance or inattention, had got into the wrong flank, when the regiment was on parade. A soldier who stood next to him, said, "Sir, you are on the wrong flank." To be detected in his mistake by a private soldier mortified and irritated the young Ensign, who abused the man for his insolence in presuming to dictate to a superior, and pertinaciously retained his wrong position. The commanding-officer soon observed the error of the unfortunate Ensign, and sharply exclaimed, "Ensign S—h, you are on the wrong flank, Sir! Adjutant A., let Ensign S. attend the *Awkward Squad* till he has learnt to know his right hand from his left!" The poor galled and abashed Sub slunk round the rear of the column to his proper place, to the no small amusement of all present, and especially by the private who had endured his abuse for having kindly endeavoured to avert the punishment which the gentleman had justly incurred and received."—(Pp. 140—146.)

'There is a prevailing custom in the army which it may not be improper for me here to notice, and against which justice obliges me to pronounce condemnation.—I allude to that punishment inflicted by officers on each other which is termed "sending to Coventry," or, in other words, for some real or supposed offence committed by an individual, forming a general conspiracy not to speak to him. Whatever may be a man's alleged crime, the laws of civilized nations demand that he should be fairly tried for it; that he should be legally convicted before punishment is awarded, and be allowed an opportunity to establish his innocence, or offer those considerations which in the minds of his judges may soften the turpitude of actual guilt, and mitigate the penalty incurred by its perpetration. But this rule of obvious justice is strangely violated by the custom of which I complain. The resolution to exclude the offender from social intercourse is generally proposed in his absence by one who conceives that a crime has been committed against the whole body of officers; and the delinquent is not aware that he has offended or been tried, till he finds himself smarting under the sentence which has thus been secretly pronounced.

'Strange as this may appear, and inconsistent as the custom is with justice and humanity, it has, of late years, passed from a casual occurrence into an actual law. That it is cruel, and subversive of every principle of rectitude, to go to trial in the absence of the accused, and thus deprive him of the power of advancing a defence, or offering an explanation, must be obvious to all. I have seen an officer enter the mess-room, expecting to receive the ordinary civilities of the table, and astonished and agonised with the contempt of general silence, or the tacit refusal of his next neighbour to serve him with that which he politely solicited. I can also testify that the principle of this conduct is not confined in its operation to the comparative privacy of the mess-room, but exhibited frequently on public parade. I feel assured that such arbitrary injustice must be injurious to the well-being of every regiment in which it is suffered to exist. When the individual thus persecuted goes on parade, or general mustering, and is shunned by his unbrotherly officers, his conduct and character become the common topics of conversation among the men, and his authority is considerably diminished among the regiment; for no man can feel so determined in the enforcement of what he commands, when he is assured that he shall not obtain the support of his brother-officers. However justifiable resentment may be against an offending person, no civil or military reason can be urged, why the conduct of the

whole body of officers should be hostile to a man because he may have happened to offend a single individual, who, from the malignant desire of vindictive retribution, would convert a private wrong into a general crime against the officers of the regiment collectively. This, surely, is an abomination; and that the majority of "Coventry" cases arises from such a cause, inquiry would discover to be the fact. To me there appears something hatefully mean and malevolent in a body who would be esteemed as generous, brave, and polite, descending, through the petty suggestions of some irritated puppy, to a conspiracy against an individual, whose innocence of the obnoxious charge examination might have established, or whose error might have been permanently rectified by the soothing influence of kindness. The reverse of such conduct would indicate the wisest head and the better heart. The end of punishment is to correct, and not to torture; but this peculiar punishment seems generally inflicted, not to improve the victim, but to display what are falsely called high feelings and elevated notions. In the course of my service, I have known many young officers, whose lives have been rendered so wretched by this mode of military coercion, that, with considerable loss, they quitted the service in disgust. I am aware that, against my argument of the injustice of this law, it may be urged, that every man has a right to speak, or refuse to speak, to whom he chooses; that his own inclination constitutes his right to adopt either course; and that, where a number feel the same inclination, they are justified, as to the question of abstract right, in the indulgence of it. But if an officer be charged with the commission of any thing that is inconsistent with the character of a gentleman and a soldier, why should he not be tried in a legal and decorous manner, and dealt with according to his innocence or guilt? Reason can never evince that the comfort of a man should be placed at the mercy of irritable caprice, which takes offence, and inflicts punishment, without regard to any thing but the gratification of its own humour. By far the greater number of cases which draw down the vengeance of being sent to "Coventry," are of a character entirely unimportant to the collective body of the officers; and, in interfering with which, they make a direct incursion on the private and unalienable rights of the individual. What, for instance, can justify the act of sending a man to Coventry because he may not have the power or inclination to indulge in the extravagant gayeties which are so prevalent in the army? If his funds be circumscribed, surely he ought not to be insulted and punished for involuntary indulgence; and if he resist the temptations to extravagance and dissipation from higher motives, there can be little justice or commonsense in those who would condemn and shun him for the exercise of virtue which they do not possess. As so much of the welfare and efficiency of a body of military officers depends on the existence of mutual good-will and a desire to co-operate with each other in the prosecution of their various duties, it must be evident to the candid and reflecting, that any tolerated mode of capricious punishment must be destructive of their general unity and interest. Let me, therefore, in concluding my observations on what long experience has compelled me to hold in aversion, and regard as a positive evil, recommend with humble earnestness to my professional brethren, that this system of "sending to Coventry" be abolished, and that those charged with any fault may be fairly and openly examined; which will insure a just award to the guilty, acquittal to the innocent, and prevent much of that misery and division which arise from the machinations of those who, under the existing custom, can directly propagate reports injurious to a brother officer without being compelled to give a formal authentication to what they assert."—Pp. 161—167.

The chapter on flogging, is full of good feeling, sound sense, and a right view of the interests of the service.

ROB ROY.

Waverley Novels. Vol VII. Rob Roy. Cadell and Co. 12mo. Edinburgh, 1829.

The introduction to the new edition of 'Rob Roy' abounds in interesting matter, principally confined to

the history of the freebooter and his family, who seem to have been great men in their day. They were descended from Alpin, king of Scots, who flourished about 787, and are considered one of the most ancient clans in the Highlands. They occupied, at one period, extensive domains in Perthshire and Argylshire, which they held by the *coir a glaive*, or right of the sword, a tenure which soon became unlawful; and the Earls of Breadalbane and Argyle meanwhile obtaining a more legal tenure, contrived to dispossess them. The clan, finding themselves thus disinherited, sought to defend themselves and recriminate on their oppressors, which brought down upon them the vengeance of government, with whom they lived in a state of perpetual warfare, till they were reduced to a small territory, on the side of Loch Lomond. They still remained restless and troublesome; and, by some horrible cruelties at the battle of Glenfruin, when one of their people massacred several innocent divinity students who had come out to witness the battle, (and we hope to try to stop the proceedings,) they were reduced by the law to great straits, compelled to abandon their clan, name, and possessions, while their retreats were visited with fire and sword; and it was not till near the end of the eighteenth century that the acts which were in force against them were finally repealed.

Rob Roy was born about the middle of the seventeenth century, but the exact date is uncertain. He was the youngest son of Donald Mac Gregor, of Glenlyle, by his wife, a daughter of Cambell, of Glenfalloch. Rob's own designation was of Inver-naid, but he appears to have had some title to Craig Royston, a domain of rock and forest, lying near Loch Lomond on the east side. He carried on the trade of a drover or dealer in cattle, but he seems to have been both unfortunate and unfair in his transactions.

'Unfortunately, that species of commerce was and is liable to sudden fluctuations; and Rob Roy was—by a sudden depression of markets, and, as a friendly tradition adds, by the bad faith of a partner named Mac Donald, whom he had imprudently received into his confidence, and intrusted with a considerable sum of money—rendered totally insolvent. He absconded, of course, —not empty-handed, if it be true, as stated in an advertisement for his apprehension, that he had in his possession sums to the amount of 1000*l.* sterling, obtained from several noblemen and gentlemen under pretence of purchasing cows for them in the Highlands. This advertisement appeared in June, 1712, and was several times repeated. It fixes the period when Rob Roy exchanged his commercial adventures for speculations of a very different complexion."—P. xxxv.

From this time he commenced freebooting, a trade which he carried on to the day of his death. His landed property was attached, and his family driven out by the strong arm of the law, but he found shelter under the protection of the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Breadalbane, when he directed his operations against Montrose, whom he considered the great author of his calamities. He joined the Rebellion in 1715, under the Earl Mar, but our outlaw does not seem to have been very staunch in the support of his party, and at the battle of Sheriff-Muir he seems to have been vastly deficient.

'During this medley of flight and pursuit, Rob Roy retained his station on a hill in the centre of the Highland position; and though it is said his attack might have decided the day, he could not be prevailed upon to charge. This was the more unfortunate for the insurgents, as the leading of a party of the Macphersons had been committed to Mac Gregor. This, it is said, was owing to the age and infirmity of the chief of that name, who, unable to lead his clan in person, objected to his heir-apparent, Macpherson of Nord, discharging his duty on that occasion; so that the tribe, or a part of them, were brigaded with their allies the Mac Gregors. While the favourable moment for action was gliding away unemployed, Mar's positive orders reached Rob Roy that he should presently attack. To which he coolly replied, "No, no! if they cannot do it without me, they cannot

do it with me." One of the Macphersons, named Alexander, one of Rob's original profession, *videlicet* a drover, but a man of great strength and spirit, was so incensed at the inactivity of his temporary leader, that he threw off his plaid, drew his sword, and called out to his clansmen, "Let us endure this no longer! if he will not lead you, I will." Rob Roy replied, with great coolness, "Were the question about driving Highland stots or kyloes, Sandie, I would yield to your superior skill; but as it respects the leading of men, I must be allowed to be the better judge."—"Did the matter respect driving Glen-Eigas stots," answered the Macpherson, "the question with Rob would not be, which was to be last, but which was to be foremost." Incensed at this sarcasm, Mac Gregor drew his sword, and they would have fought upon the spot if their friends on both sides had not interfered. But the moment of attack was completely lost. Rob did not, however, neglect his own private interest on the occasion. In the confusion of an undecided field of battle, he enriched his followers by plundering the baggage and the dead on both sides.—Pp. lx, lxi.

He was let off very mercifully in the distributions of punishments after that event, for although his house was burnt, he was allowed to take up his abode in his old quarters at Craig Royston. An anecdote is related of him during the time of his soldiering, very like one in the text, but the very reverse of it in the persons to whom it relates.

But while in the city of Aberdeen, Rob Roy met a relation of a very different class and character from those whom he was sent to summon to arms. This was Dr. James Gregory, (by descent a Mac Gregor), the patriarch of a dynasty of professors distinguished for literary and scientific talent, and the grandfather of the late eminent physician and accomplished scholar, Professor Gregory, of Edinburgh. This gentleman was at the time professor of medicine in King's College, Aberdeen, and son of Dr. James Gregory, distinguished in science as the inventor of the reflecting telescope. With such a family it may seem our friend Rob could have had little communion. But civil war is a species of misery which introduces men to strange bed-fellows. Dr. Gregory thought it a point of prudence to claim kindred, at so critical a period, with a man so formidable and influential. He invited Rob Roy to his house, and treated him with so much kindness, that he produced in his generous bosom a degree of gratitude which seemed likely to occasion very inconvenient effects.

The professor had a son about eight or nine years old, a lively, stout boy of his age,—with whose appearance our Highland Robin Hood was much taken. On the day before his departure from the house of his learned relative, Rob Roy, who had pondered deeply how he might requite his cousin's kindness, took Dr. Gregory aside, and addressed him to this purport:—"My dear kinsman, I have been thinking what I could do to show my sense of your hospitality. Now, here you have a fine spirited boy of a son, whom you are ruining by cramming him with your useless book-learning, and I am determined, by way of manifesting my great good-will to you and yours, to take him with me, and make a man of him." The learned professor was utterly overwhelmed when his warlike kinsman announced his kind purpose, in language which implied no doubt of its being a proposal which would be, and ought to be, accepted with the utmost gratitude. The task of apology or explanation was of a most delicate description; and there might have been considerable danger in suffering Rob Roy to perceive that the promotion with which he threatened the son was, in the father's eyes, the ready road to the gallows. Indeed, every excuse which he could at first think of—such as regret for putting his friend to trouble with a youth who had been educated in the Lowlands, and so on—only strengthened the chieftain's inclination to patronise his young kinsman, as he supposed they arose entirely from the modesty of the father. He would for a long time take no apology, and even spoke of carrying off the youth by a certain degree of kindly violence, whether his father consented or not. At length the perplexed professor pleaded that his son was very young, and in an infirm state of health, and not yet able to endure the hardships of a mountain life; but that in another year or two he hoped his health would be firmly established, and he

would be in a fitting condition to attend on his brave kinsman, and follow out the splendid destinies to which he opened the way. This agreement being made, the cousins parted,—Rob Roy pledging his honour to carry his young relation to the hills with him on his next return to Aberdeenshire, and Dr. Gregory, doubtless, praying in his secret soul that he might never see Rob's Highland face again.—Pp. lv—lviii.

At Loch Lomond he subsisted principally by the levying of black mail, the nature of which our readers of the original edition must be acquainted with, and a story by one of the contractors, related at page lxxii is a good specimen of Rob's proceedings. As Rob advanced in years he became more quiet and somewhat more regardful of his future state; he had been originally a Protestant, but in later life turned Catholic, perhaps, as Sir Walter says, on Mrs. Cole's principle, that it was a comfortable religion for one of his calling. Of his death we are told,

"This singular man died in bed in his own house, in the parish of Dalquhitter. He was buried in the churchyard of the same parish, where his tomb-stone is only distinguished by a rude attempt at the figure of a broadsword.

"There is a tradition, no way inconsistent with the former, if the character of Rob Roy be justly considered, that while on his death-bed, he learned that a person, with whom he was at enmity, proposed to visit him. "Raise me from my bed," said the invalid; "throw my plaid around me, and bring me my claymore, dirk, and pistols—it shall never be said that a foeman saw Rob Roy Mac Gregor defenceless and unarmed." His foeman, conjectured to be one of the Mac Larens before and after mentioned, entered and paid his compliments, enquiring after the health of his formidable neighbour. Rob Roy maintained a cold, haughty civility during their short conference, and so soon as he had left the house, "Now," he said, "all is over—let the piper play '*Ha til mi tuladh*,' (we return no more)," and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished.—Pp. lxxxiv, lxxxv.

His character is thus drawn:

"He himself appears to have been singularly adapted for the profession which he proposed to exercise. His stature was not of the tallest, but his person was uncommonly strong and compact. The greatest peculiarities of his frame were the breadth of his shoulders, and the great and almost disproportioned length of his arms; so remarkable, indeed, that it was said he could, without stooping, tie the garters of his Highland hose, which are placed two inches below the knee. His countenance was open, manly, stern at periods of danger, but frank and cheerful in his hours of festivity. His hair was dark red, thick, and frizzled, and curled short around the face. His fashion of dress showed, of course, the knees and upper part of the leg, which was described to me as resembling that of a Highland bull, hirsute, with red hair, and evincing muscular strength similar to that animal. To these personal qualifications must be added a masterly use of the Highland sword, in which his length of arm gave him great advantage, and a perfect and intimate knowledge of all the recesses of the wild country in which he harboured, and the character of the various individuals, whether friendly or hostile, with whom he might come in contact.

"His mental qualities seem to have been no less adapted to the circumstances in which he was placed. Though the descendant of the blood-thirsty Ciar Mohr, he inherited none of his ancestor's ferocity. On the contrary, Rob Roy avoided every appearance of cruelty, and it is not averred that he was ever the means of unnecessary bloodshed, or the actor in any deed which could lead the way to it. His schemes of plunder were contrived and executed with equal boldness and sagacity, and were almost universally successful, from the skill with which they were laid, and the secrecy and rapidity with which they were executed. Like Robin Hood of England, he was a kind and gentle robber, and, while he took from the rich, was liberal in relieving the poor. This might in part be policy; but the universal tradition of the country speaks it to have arisen from a better motive. All whom I have conversed with, and I have in my youth

seen some who knew Rob Roy personally, gave him the character of a benevolent and humane man "in his way."

"His ideas of morality were those of an Arab chief, being such as naturally arose out of his wild education. Supposing Rob Roy to have argued on the tendency of the life which he pursued, whether from choice or from necessity, he would doubtless have assumed to himself the character of a brave man, who, deprived of his natural rights by the partiality of laws, endeavoured to assert them by the strong hand of natural power.—Pp. xl.—xliii.

His sons appear not to have forsaken the good example set them by their respected father; two were reputed thieves, and one, Major Mac Gregor, was distinguished as a leader in the rebellion of forty-five. A striking instance of their lawlessness is given at page cvii., detailing one of the most extraordinary methods of procuring a wife we have ever heard of since the rape of the Sabines or Mr. Wakefield's abduction of Miss Turner. It ended in the death of the unfortunate lady, and the capture and death of the two sons of Rob Roy who were such great actors in this tragedy.

The appendix contains some very interesting documents. One of them a challenge sent by Rob Roy to the Duke of Montrose, his great enemy, and a letter from the outlaw to Field Marshal Wade are particularly interesting.

We should like to have seen a better frontispiece to this interesting novel; not that the subject is bad, but we cannot altogether approve of Mr. Kidd's design. The picture represents the moment at which the Baillie discovers Rob Roy in the Tol-booth at Glasgow; Rob is seated on a table with his arms folded, but with an expression of countenance very unlike our pre-conceived notions of the outlaw; he is very ugly, with a look of sudden fright, instead of that careless indifference which the text informs us that he wore; his figure, however, is tolerable, and so is the face of the baillie, who is starting back with astonishment at the unexpected apparition; but the worst part of the affair is Mattie's; she stands and looks more like an improper female than any decent lassie. The vignette, by A. E. Chalon, is very superior. It shows Mabel telling her stories to little Frank Osbaldistone, who stands in all the panoply of a child of the 17th century, with rich flowing locks, a sword, and knee breeches. The old woman's face is, perhaps, a little too juvenile, but her attitude and demeanour are excellent.

Sequel to the Verbal Analysis of the Hamiltonian System; or, a Hamiltonian Key to Writing and Speaking, as well as Reading, in a Foreign Language. By Philip Orkney Skene. 12mo. Longman and Co. London, 1829.

In noticing the '*Tales of Angeloni*,' as prepared for the use of teachers, after the Hamiltonian system, by the author of the little work now before us, we took occasion to remark, that of all those who had adopted, more or less implicitly, the method of Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Skene had carried it to the greatest perfection, and had applied it in the manner most practical and useful. The sequel to '*The Verbal Analysis*,' affords a fresh proof of this fact, and calls on us to repeat the praise we formerly bestowed on its author. It has been prepared for the French classes at the London Mechanics' Institution, and is chiefly intended for use after some preliminary instruction. The name of the author is its best recommendation to those who follow the mode of instruction to which it is applicable.

THE ATHENÆUM AND LITERARY CHRONICLE OF THIS DAY CONTAINS

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HISTORY OF ICHTHYOLOGY.

[THE following abstract of the History of Ichthyology, by the Baron Cuvier, prefixed to his great work on the 'Natural History of Fishes,' has been prepared for 'The Revue Encyclopédique,' by M. Flourens, the author of the article on the effect of cold on animals, inserted a few weeks since in 'The Athenæum.' The work of M. Cuvier above alluded to, has advanced as far as the fourth volume. When complete it will consist of between fifteen and twenty volumes octavo, or from eight to ten quarto.]

THE natural history of fishes is divided by M. Cuvier into three epochs. Until the time of Aristotle, the learning on the subject of these animals was confined to *partial observations*. Aristotle commenced a *body of learning*, and during eighteen centuries, nothing more was done than copying and commenting on Aristotle: in the middle of the sixteenth century of the Christian era, three naturalists, Rondelet, Belon, and Salvien, founded the art of *determining the species*; at the end of the seventeenth, Willoughby and Ray attempted, and in the middle of the eighteenth, Artedi and Linnaeus effected, their *distribution or classification*.

Thus the bringing together *partial observations* into a *body of learning*, formed the first epoch; the determination of the *species* the second; their *distribution or classification* constituted the third; these three notable periods in the history of ichthyology are to be observed also in the other branches of natural science. M. Cuvier, in writing the history of one branch, has written that of all.

But a fourth epoch was to succeed of necessity to the other three. Although the classification of Linnaeus, or rather that of Artedi, is less defective as regards fishes than as regards other animals, a radical error prevails in it. That error, and it is one which affects all the classifications of Linnaeus, is the arbitrary choice of the *characters*.

M. Cuvier, in showing that these characters (that is to say, the circumstances of organisation according to which animals are classed and distributed) are not all of equal importance, and that thus some being *subordinate* to others, their *relative importance* alone ought to decide the choice to be made between them, has become the founder of a fourth epoch. To this period must be assigned the definitive substitution of the *natural method for artificial methods*.

Before this period some naturalists indeed might be named who, guided by a happy tact, had in their classifications followed, or it should rather be said, fallen in with the natural method, but not one of them prior to Bernard de Jussieu as regards the vegetable kingdom, and M. Cuvier, as respects the animal creation, had founded it on a demonstrable principle. Thus neither Linnaeus, who had led the way to this method, nor Adamson, who had meditated on it so deeply, had discovered its principle.

Linnaeus had perceived the *natural method*, and he had perceived also that its principle was wanting; it is an edifice, he said, without a cornice,—*culmine caret*. Subsequently, Adamson, a man of penetrating genius, long sought this principle, but taking equal account of all characters, he only looked to their *number*, he did not perceive their *relative importance*; the great principle of subordination of characters escaped him.

Thus, and treating in this place of ichthyology only, and of the three last points in the progress of this science, the only ones in reality which constitute it a science, it was required first to determine, that is to say, to *distinguish the different species*, this was done by Rondelet, Belon, and Salvien; then these *species*, so distinguished, were to be *distributed or classed* in some manner or another: this was undertaken first by Willoughby and Ray, and afterwards by Artedi and Linnaeus; lastly these *species distributed* artificially and arbitrarily, were to be classed according to the *method of nature*, and this method was to be founded on a demonstrable principle. It is this that M. Cuvier has done.

In this succession of discoveries and labours by which ichthyology has been brought to the point of perfection at which it is now arrived, one circum-

stance is especially striking, namely the very few persons who have been engaged in contributing to its progress. 'Among the Greeks, for example, Aristotle is the only man,' says M. Cuvier, 'who has treated natural history in a scientific point of view, and with any degree of genius.' Among the Romans, 'the science properly so called, and as regards generalising and methodising, is not at all advanced by the compilation of Pliny.' The few to whom the science is indebted for any real advancement in the course of the three last centuries have already been mentioned. Around these principal names some of inferior order arrange themselves in greater or less number at different periods, but most of them of too little importance to be here enumerated, although M. Cuvier has not neglected them.

It may be now asked, what class of the animal creation have more interesting claims on the attention of the learned or unlearned observer than fishes? Nature has invested them with every description of beauty, variety in their forms, elegance in their proportions, diversity and liveliness of colours: they are wanting in nothing that is calculated to excite the attention of man, and it is this attention, it would seem, that nature has designed to excite; the brilliancy with which they shine, equalling that of the most glittering metals, of the most precious stones; all the colours of the Iris, which become divided, reflected in streaks, in spots, in lines, wavy or angular, always regular and symmetrical, the shades ever admirable, either in their accordance or their contrast!—for whom had they received all these gifts, they who at best can be seen only by each other in depths where the light can hardly penetrate? And even should they see each other, what kind of pleasure could be excited in them by the circumstance?

Add to this, that there is no aliment which nature offers to man, in more abundance than fish; that there is none which he appropriates with less trouble, and it will be easily imagined that the knowledge of these animals is one of the first which he would seek to acquire. The facility of procuring subsistence by their means has contributed, at all times, says M. Cuvier, to keep nations who live on fish, at the lowest point of civilization; and it was probably, he adds, 'to turn men whom they sought to civilize, from a kind of life so contrary to agriculture, and so little favourable to intellectual excellence, that the priests of Egypt sought to inspire the inhabitants of that country with a horror for the sea, that they prohibited the consumption of fish, and that their tribe continued to abstain from eating it, when they could no longer prevent its use for nourishment by the mass of a people, to whom a great river, the lakes into which it spread, and its numerous canals, offered such prodigious quantities.'

Notwithstanding the proscription of the priests, therefore, the Egyptian people fed on fish; they addicted themselves to fishing, and they must have been well acquainted with the sorts, at least which they worshipped—with the *latus* for instance, revered at Latopolis, the *meote* at Elephantina; the *Phager* at Syene; the *lepidotes*, the *oryncinus*, worshipped throughout Egypt; the *chromis*, the *varioles*, the *mormyrs*, the *silurus*, the *mulletts*, which this strange religion has preserved to our days in painting or sculpture on its monuments, and the *binnys*, which has reached us embalmed. Facts of this kind are nearly all, however, which we owe to Egypt relative to ichthyology; and probably, moreover, all that was known in that country. It is a fair presumption, that a people who adopted animals as objects of worship, were not very far advanced in natural history.

It was in Greece, and under the pen of Aristotle, that ichthyology, as well as all the other branches of zoology, took, for the first time, the real form of a science. On the one hand, the practice of fishing soon became among the Greeks one of the most profitable and general of their callings. Bysantium and Synope flourished by means of it, and it was the abundance of its fish, that acquired for the former the name of 'Golden Horn,' on the other hand, an idea may be formed of the taste which the Greeks

had for the food derived from this class of animals, by the perpetual allusions to it to be found in the works of their comic poets.

Several persons became objects of satire merely on account of their excessive love for fish. Callimedon, surnamed Langoute, was an everlasting theme for the comic writers; Philoxenus, of Cythera, the dithyrambic poet, learning from his doctor that he was about to die of indigestion from having eaten the greater part of a certain fish, requested before he breathed his last to be allowed to finish it—a pleasant story so well versified by La Fontaine: the great orators, Callias and Hyperides, were distinguished equally by their love of fish, and of games of chance. Melanthius, and other tragic poets, were celebrated for the same fondness for fish. But, above all, must be mentioned the painter Androcides, of Cysicus, whose taste led him to take great pains in representing after nature the species found in the Straits of Scylla. He was thus the precursor of the great iconographers of our days.

It is obvious that, under such circumstances, men would write, and write much, on whatever related to fish. 'Athenæus,' says M. Cuvier, 'quotes, perhaps, two hundred passages of authors, whose works are now lost, which bear on this subject.' It would be worth knowing as a matter of curiosity, as to many of these authors, whether they lived before or after Aristotle; whether he profited by their works or they by his. But Athenæus says nothing as to the period in which the authors he cites flourished; and Aristotle, 'adopting a practice too much followed in our days, gives the names of those authors only whom he proposes to refute.'

Aristotle, 'that great man, seconded by a great prince,' collected from all quarters the results of inquiries made before his time, and new observations; and without pretending to notice in this place the immense mass of facts which he had got together concerning every branch of zoology, or the rules so exact, the laws so profound which he had deduced from them; or the genius with which, to use the expression of M. Cuvier, he laid the foundations of comparative anatomy; but confining ourselves to what relates to ichthyology, it will be sufficient to say that he knew and named a hundred and seventeen species of fish: of these he studied the habits, the mode of propagation, the migrations, and above all, the structure; and 'the facts which he has recorded on these different points,' says M. Cuvier, 'were so numerous, so new, and so remarkable, that during many ages they excited the incredulity of his posterity.'

To explain the marvel of such vast labours performed by a single person, M. Cuvier calls to mind that the sums given by Alexander to Aristotle amounted to many millions, and that some thousands of men were placed at his command.' M. Cuvier, says M. Flourens, gives a still better explanation of this wonder in his own person, by his own example, and by his own works.

The scholars of Aristotle proceeded for some time in the footsteps of their master. Theophrastus, Erasistratus, Clearchus, his immediate disciples, have left particular *treatises* on fish; and these *treatises* add a few interesting facts to those known to Aristotle; but positive Natural History fell with the philosophy of that great man. 'The school founded by the Ptolemies at Alexandria found it more convenient,' says M. Cuvier, 'to cultivate erudition, geometry, and metaphysics, than to take the trouble of investigating the productions of nature. As a necessary consequence, the philosophy of the peripatetics, especially as regarded all that was experimental, fell by degrees into a sort of contempt, the academy and the portico assumed the upper hand, and actual observation became the theme of ridicule. The jests of Lucian, who exhibits a peripatetic philosopher examining the duration of a gnat's life, and the nature of an oyster's soul, were probably current long before his time: and the studies which had the observation of nature for their object, had become so uncommon, that when Apuleius was accused of

magic, one of the principal arguments urged against him was that he had been intent on seeking for rare and curious fish.*

(To be completed in our next.)

THE SCOTCH TOURIST.

(Continuation of the 'Leith Smack,' from p. 726.)

AMBROSE'S HOTEL. EDINBURGH.

WHEN I parted, on Leith Pier, from that exemplary ultra-female, Mrs. Monypenny, whom my readers have not, I trust, forgotten, it was with that milky modification of regret,—that *Martinian* sympathy which one feels on taking his last view of any harmless amusing fellow creature,—a she elephant, for instance, or a dromedary; creatures which I defy any one (save and excepting those anomalies, a lawyer, a blue-stockng lady, a member of the Bible Society, and perhaps the pale, sentimental transparency, commonly called a school-master,) to look at, for once and away, without wishing them all the happiness which the roughness of their nature and the thickness of their skin render them capable of enjoying. By the way, it is remarkable that I should have entertained even *this* inferior degree of good wishes and kindly feeling towards the mother of pearls from Anandale, who (now that I remember) would not if she had possessed the reasoning powers of a Findorn haddock have declared, in an argument I had with her on board the Leith Smack, that she would hold out, maintain, prove, and remonstrate against not only me, but also the King's House of Commons, the Lords of Session, of the outer and inner house,—all the auld wives called the ministers of the Assembly of the Church of Scotland, their elders, their advocates, their procurators, and their clerk of the pipe, that the cleverest men of whom the northern part of the kingdom can boast at the present day, are Peter Brodie, the thief-catcher, and Mark Mac Robie, the hocus-pocus man of Paisley; and moreover, respecting that *body*, as she termed him, Sir Walter Scott, that, notwithstanding his name be more known than that of St. Paul, and, what is more shameful, that of John Knox, all the repute and character he deserves to have, among such as are not contaminated by vanity and fables, is that of being the cleverest liar or story-teller in Scotland!!

It was verging towards evening as I threaded my way to Embay, through the ragged and rank-smelling lanes or *streets* (par excellence) of Leith. The invidious haze which I had observed from the distance of, at least, ten leagues at sea, overclouding Edina, as if by tutelary right began to descend, 'like Herman's dew on Aaron's beard,' in a mild and beneficent drizzle. To avoid the favours of the dripping atmosphere, I resolved on taking shelter in the first respectable hotel I should cast my eyes upon. This chanced to be that of Ambrose, whose name, in large and cleanly characters, withal modestly inviting, I observed through the glimmer of twilight—a lucky name for you Signor Albergatore! thought I; to what hungry and thirsty scholar does not Ambrosia convey the most delectable and sweet ideas! Impelled by the association, and, at the same time, remembering that it was the very haunt so celebrated in the 'Notes,' I directed my steps thither, preceded by my young Highland servant, a youth who had been my valet for eight years and upwards. But more of him anon. Meanwhile, my gentle readers, behold Fergus Mac Ivor leading the way, with my heavy portmanteau on his right shoulder, and his own, equally heavy, on his left; yet moving with the bounding elasticity of an enraptured youth, who trode his native soil, for the first time, after an absence of a dozen years. I passed a file of broad-breasted mountaineers, who sat, side by side, crossed legged on a bench, as sedate and sombre as a Turkish divan. They were snugly wrapped up in thick, grey wrap-rascals, seemingly belted round their body. Hats of comical shape were slouched over their hard conjecturing visages, while the broad,

flexible rims of them, softened by the falling rain, and worn with age, flapped, in submissive accordance to every gust. They appeared to care but little for screen or for shelter. There they sat, without so much as the rascally enjoyment of a tobacco pipe, receiving with perfect composure and good humour the customary donations of their watery clime. These men are of that grade of human beings denominated, by the Edinians, *CADDIES*.

At the door of the hotel, I was met and welcomed by the landlord, Mr. Ambrose, *in propria persona*, a civil, accommodating sort of person, who conducted me into a little parlour, the only unoccupied one in the house, and even *that* was engaged for the evening by a *friend* of his, who, he was certain, would be right glad to share it with *only* gentleman. So far so good. The night was cold and wet, and not choosing to hunt about in a strange place for other quarters, I sat down before a rousing fire of blazing Scotch coals, with the promise of dinner in a *rattle**. A most excellent dinner it was, good Mr. Ambrose, and as well dressed as ever entered the *potatoe-trap*† of Percy Wakefield, and graciously served up by the hands of thine own honest self. Meanwhile there was bustle enough, and to spare in this busy and thriving hostelleria; and pleasant it was to hear when the opening of doors favoured the transmission of sound the jovial sounds of good fellowship, the loud laugh, the merry catch, the clanking of plates and tin covers, the jingling of bottles and of glasses in jeopardy, the ringing of bells too, and the nimble skipping of waiters along the papered passages. No bad proof that the cheer which Mr. Ambrose dispensed among the merry coteries, was *no small beer*.

I had just finished my dessert, when a heavy trudge along the passage, and which stopped at my parlour door, prepared me for a companion. And so it proved. In he strode, *senza cerimonia*, with a good-humoured smile and a nod, as if we had been chums of old. Remembering that I was rather an intruder, I rose, and began to apologize. 'Hoot, hoot,' interrupted he, 'nae excuses are wanted nor expectit, my honest sir; since, I dare to swear, you have not entered by the window. I did bespeak this bit roomie for mysel and Jamie Brown, M Culloch's miller; but, woe come over him, he never kept an appointment with me but once. He's, ne doot, over his ears in some confounded abstraction or other, making love to parallelagrams, and drawing among the everlasting A's and B's of Playfair's *Yockle head*‡, or some such frosty publication. So, sit ye down, and give a stir up to the ingle, while I pull off my dreadnought and overalls.' This person was well on to sixty years of age;—a hale, muscular, hard-featured man; full of good health, and beaming with good nature. His ponderous top-boots well set off his brawny legs, which rested on the floor with the steadiness of pedestals. His fists too, 'ma conscience,' as Mrs. Monypenny would say, what fists!—larger than those of old Scroggy, the boxer; and the tawny skin of them as hard as the cover of a golf-ball.—'I am told,' said he, 'ye are just frae Lannon, by water. I se warrant, ye'll have no objections to a warm, comfortable drappie, to sloken your young English throttle; for my nose informs me you have dined already.' I replied, that I would be guided wholly by his own taste. 'Weel, weel, then, we shall, with your permission, have a bowl o' the best *peat reek*§, by way of commencement. A spacious basin of blue porcelain was speedily before us, accompanied with the ingredients necessary for the forthcoming potation. First and foremost was introduced the sugar, which was quickly dissolved in a quantity of boiling water. Next, a fearful flood of potent and well-flavoured whiskey, which, while it made me shrink with dismay, seemed to fill the gleaming grey eyes of my chum with gladness. He next sliced a lemon in two, and, after

squeezing its juice into the strong drink, he stirred about the whole mixture with a wooden ladle, a size or two less than a boatman's laver. A second and concluding pour of the boiling element was super-added, and from this intoxicating pool there ascended, as if from the cauldron of a sorcerer, a column of steam which perfumed the apartment, and curled and rolled along the ceiling. 'Mercy on us!' he exclaimed, 'I have *drowned the miller*¶. However, you can taste it, and if it suits your gizzard, I am content.' The drink was truly palatable; it was excellent; nay, inspiring. 'A weel,' he observed, 'if I have na just hit the mark, it's no for want of practice; for, I verily believe, that I have made as muckle of this same beverage, (atween punch and toddy,) as wad weel nigh fill Achilles's foot basin in Hyde Park.'

After drinking to our better acquaintance, I began to discourse on subjects most adapted to the capacity which his rough exterior led me to ascribe to him. But I soon found that very powerful mental faculties lay concealed under the uncouth manner and phraseology in which he appeared to pride himself; and from plough-and-spade dissertations, we proceeded to over-hawl the literary circles of Embay. He seemed well acquainted with the private and public history of the literati of this place; and he discussed the merits of its reviews, magazines, and newspapers, with edifying minuteness. Among the last mentioned class of journals, the 'Scotsman' was the particular object of his dislike.

STRANGER.—'Hech! There is a sad backsliding and falling off in our great whig journal. A plague on the conductor; he and no one else is to blame; but he is the pride of us a,' the wee bit disappearing anatomy, wild and wud though he be, say what we like of him. But he suffers every under-bred prattler at the *bar* to insert his feckless abortions; and often have I sighed, and almost cried with vexation, to consider that the phoenix with the blue and yellow wings flies, now-a-days, but little higher than the saffron bird of England. Our celebrated cold mixture-maker—he of the purple wig and rotund belly, gave it a grand *lift*, some years syne, by a notable article on the polar ice; a freezing text, you will allow, for any man of warm temperature and *cosy* habitude to write upon; yet he handled his icy subject in a way that no *stickit* minister but himsel, or the late Mr. Playfair, could have accomplished; for I have it, at second hand, from the undisputed and orthodox authority of Mr. Orme, a clever chap in his way, that it procured for its defunct publisher a list of five hundred additional subscribers. But what of that? The daintiest canna run lang clean among *dibs* und *gutters* (puddles); and neither Jef. nor Les. good as they are at jumping†, nor Henry Broucham, that immortal whitewisher of royal clay and of obsecurer mud, can run fast nor far with a *creel* (hamper) of manure, or such unsavoury articles, on his back. No, no; the criticisms of a Johnson, and the eloquence of a Burke, wad look unco queer and out of place and character with the toddy meditations of some dunderhead W. S. on one side, and the skitter of some Hieland advocate, like doodle Mc. N., or pug Mac C. on the other. Our literary fame was fast sinking among the nations, till our ain magazine, like a little life-boat, shooting from an obscure creek, appeared spankin' and springin' merrily ower the waves, which our host of adversaries hoped and prayed would have swallowed us; and rescued, just as he was sinking, for the third time, the literary genius of Auld Reekie. It was a braw adventure and a bold, which gained for many a birkie of this town a name which is not likely to *dec* of a galloping decay.'

W.—'I am a great admirer of the work you allude to. In point of talent, it is confessedly superior to any of its monthly-born brethren. I am a staunch

* Anglicè, in a few seconds.

† See Pierce Egan's reports of pugilistic combats, *passim*.

‡ Euclid.

§ Contraband, or small still, whiskey.

¶ Which is, being interpreted, made the punch too strong with water.

† For a description of a jumping match, in which these cogitative persons and others were engaged, see 'Peter's Letters,' if they be not out of print, as much as they are out of people's recollection.

adherer to the principles, moral, political, and religious, which it upholds with so singular and unshaken energy. But there may be a not very distant time when its vigour shall decay, like the gasping spirit of other journals, which once raised, like green cedar trees, their flourishing heads to the skies; and though its clever contributors, and, I may say, projectors, may be steadfast and sterling in their support, so long as they can wield their quills, yet they are not in person, at least, immortal.

STRANGER.—'That's a disheartening consideration, nae doot, and little thanks to ye for that gloomy view of the case; but diel be in the fallows wha come after us, if they prove degenerate or spunkless. There are as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it; and I could name several youngers springing up, wha wad never permit signa a national calamity. But, it must be allowed, that every knowe head does not boast of a W—n or a I.—t.'

From the subject of this magazine he digressed to remembrance hostilities against 'The Scotsman.' He mentioned the editor's name, but admonished me not to pronounce it, as the effort might dislocate my jaw, or endanger my throat. 'By the rood,' he exclaimed, as he concluded a fiery philippic against that respectable journal, and striking the table with such a force as to set the glasses a waltzing; 'there is nae mair truth nor talent in it, from first to last, than if it had been the offspring of the noddle of the muckle Rob, the porky clerk; and I se warrant ye'll be nae mair days in Embray than there are teeth in the young head of ye, when ye'll brawly ken wha that is.'

From bowl to bowl, from subject to subject, and finally, from song to supper, the evening passed with unweelcome speed. So much did I ingratiate myself with this 'King of Clubs' that he proffered his company, for the next morning, to the palace of Holyrood, of which he spoke with *then* unaccountable rapture. I thanked him warmly for his kindness, and, mutually pleased, we bade each other good night.

P. W.

FINE ARTS.

CRUIKSHANK'S SCRAPS AND SKETCHES.
PART II.

WE feel more than we can express the obligation under which Mr. Cruikshank has placed all laughing people, like ourselves, by publishing his second most amusing number of 'Scraps and Sketches' at this gloomy and dull season of the year. It is certainly the only fun to be got at before Christmas: they keep you so long at the theatre, and entertain you so little, that going there can hardly be called a recreation; and though one certainly can sleep fourteen hours out of the twenty-four without profaning day-light, yet when eight hours more have been appropriated to eating and drinking, what is to be done with the remaining two, in these miserable days of muck and fog, is a question hard to solve and horrible to contemplate. Thanks to Mr. Cruikshank we shall be able to look, and with renewed pleasure, at his 'Scraps and Sketches' during half an hour in every day until the pantomimes begin.

Our first glance, however, at the first of these, the brick and mortar allegory, we confess was a disappointment. We see our error now after two or three examinations, for it certainly is the cleverest conception in the book; but had it not been for our boundless confidence in the genius of the artist, there is at first sight a confusion about the sketch which would have made us pass it by, as many will, without discovering its intention or humour. The humour of it is, to illustrate the progress of bricks and mortar in the actual sense of the word 'march.' Different building utensils, combined into grotesque resemblances of the human figure, are seen marching in military array into the country along the Hampstead road, while divers rural objects, distorted in the same manner, are flying in disorder from the field. The attitude of the creature planting the standard, the two wheel-barrows wheeling one ano-

ther, and the physiognomies of the retreating haystacks are splendid and inimitable strokes of genius.

The next in order, and perhaps in merit, is the steam-coach, or 'The Horses going to the Dogs,' as it is entitled. Both this and 'Church and State' are genuine comedy, without a single spark of extravagance or caricature.

There is one piece of bad taste, and very bad we think it is. The picture of human misery and degradation in the gin-shop, could never be drawn to be laughed at; but if not so intended, why is it a caricature? It is too shocking and disgusting to please in any other way, and it wants truth too much to convey any moral. Will Mr. Cruikshank take our hint to make less frequent use of the 'Paupertas ridiculus facit'?

'Kensington Gardens' is an excellent caricature: we have seen every face in it over and over again in our walks either there or elsewhere. In one point, it is, perhaps, rather over done. Male fashions seem to us remarkably unpretending just now: in the march of intellect even tailors are becoming sensible; they are beginning to assume a rational and integral character in creation, and will no longer land themselves to encourage the preposterous frivolities of their fellow-creatures. Accordingly, the modern dandy is driven back upon his own immediate resources; ambitious of distinction he finds it impossible to shine by his coat or his trowsers; the unloveliness of love-locks alone is left him, but he seizes that with avidity, and, if he be a man of dark complexion, is as sure to succeed in making himself an incarnation of the devil as that correctest of all actors, Mr. O. Smith. This rage for frightful countenances is admirably taken off in the scene from Kensington Gardens, and makes a much better hit than either the bustles or the bonnets of the ladies. It may seem a prejudice in us, who are plain unwhiskered persons, smooth as the brother of Esau himself, but certainly the passion which the dark men have for playing the devil does seem most strange and unaccountable; not that men making fools of themselves in any way should be a matter of surprise; but what astonishes us is, this singular means of achieving a well-known end, namely, the captivation of the ladies; for we take it for granted, that every man who brushes his hair, or shaves himself so often as twice a week, is in some sort an affector of the other sex. Now what the reason of the dark men for carrying on the war in this manner can be, we, who are fair men, (as we have said,) cannot tell: whether the pride of overcoming personal disadvantages be the cause of accumulating them for that purpose, or whether, in following the same game as the first tempter, they think it not irrelevant to imitate his person; but what is very certain is this, that a great demoralization of society must ensue if our females are thus taught to look familiarly upon the evil one. Already the number of miscarriages caused by these horrible apparitions are diminishing—an effect due, no doubt, to the force of custom; and, in course of time, it may happen that a good-looking, open, honest countenance shall win no respect from women, but Satanas be worshipped instead. In this etching, therefore, we consider Mr. Cruikshank to have played the part of an exceeding moral as well as skilful caricaturist.

The smaller sketches are all excellent; two in particular should be noticed for their singularity in not being ludicrous—'The Four Elements,' and 'Lithography;' but we may venture to say, they are more beautiful, simple, and affecting sketches than any to be found in the pages of Bewick, and more than this surely need not be said in their praise.

NEW MUSIC.

'The Land which no Mortal may know.' A ballad, song by Mr. Wood, the music composed and dedicated to Sir Henry Smyth, Bart. (of Bere-Church Hall, Essex,) by Mrs. Shelton. Cramer and Co.

THE poetry of this ballad is of so pleasing and excellent a character, that we are tempted to offer it

to our readers; the words of songs are so universally upon the same stale subject, *love!* that any change may be hailed with satisfaction. Mrs. Shelton's music is easy, flowing, and well adapted to the subject, and within the compass of the two treble E's

'Oh where are the eyes, that once beam'd upon me?
And where are the friends, I rejoiced once to see?
And where are the hearts, that held amity's glow?
They are gone to the land which no mortal may know.
When shadows of midnight descend o'er the plain,
How drear is the path of the wayfaring swain,
Yet drear and darker the road I must go,
Ere I rest in that land which no mortal may know.'

Yet pilgrims who roam through the glooming of night,
Still hail the bright beams of the dawn coming light,
And tho' the approach of the morning be slow,
Its hope-kindled ray seems to lessen their woe,
And thus, when the tear drop of sorrow I shed,
And bend me above the cold tomb of the dead,
A ray of the future diffuses its glow,
As I look to the land which no mortal may know.'

No. 2. Deux Airs variés pour le Piano-forte, par Ch. Chaudier. Cocks and Co.

THE first of these excellent and brilliant effusions we had the pleasure to notice in 'The Athenæum,' No. 105, page 681, and we can with the same satisfaction recommend the second as deserving an equal commendation and patronage. The air chosen is our old favourite, 'The Blue Bell of Scotland,' followed by 'The Young May Moon,' as a finale. A short movement, to which no time is marked, introduces the theme, arranged in D, as an *adagio con molt' espressivo*. The first variation, 'Con grazia ed un poco più animato,' is a gay succession of triplets. The second, 'Pieramente, tempo di marcia viva,' exhibits considerable style and character. The third, 'Il canto ben tenuto ed espressivo,' is original. The fourth, an *Allegro Brillante*, is showy but rather difficult; and the Irish air, as the concluding movement, forms a good relief to the former parts. The whole is highly interesting.

Hart's Thirty-First Set of Quadrilles, from 'Masaniello,' and Weber's last Waltz, arranged as Duets for Two Performers on the Piano-forte, with an Accompaniment for the Harp, (ad lib.) by N. B. Challow. Mayhew and Co.

IT seems that this arrangement of Hart's and others Quadrilles, for three performers, meets with the success we predicted, for this is the fourth set we have reviewed. The original, romantic, and interesting music of 'Masaniello,' is especially well calculated for the purpose of quadrilles.

Hart's selection embraces, No. 1, 'Finella,' from one of the *Barcarolles*; No. 2, 'Don Alphonso,' from the *Chœur des Pêcheurs*; No. 3, 'Elvira,' from the second *Barcarolle*; No. 4, 'Masaniello,' from the *Chœur du Marche*; No. 5, 'The Barcarolle, Brahms's song, (the gem of the piece,) and Weber's last waltz, as a *finale*. We again repeat, that this sort of adaptation must be found unusually acceptable to congregations of musical amateurs in evening parties, for the arrangement is so clearly made, that 'those who can may read,' if we may be allowed the quotation.

No. 5, of Twelve Italian Fantasias, concertante for the Flute and Piano-forte, composed by Raphael Dressler. Cocks and Co.

THIS fifth number presents a clever and brilliant arrangement upon Rossini's beautiful movements from 'Semiramide,' 'Giorno d'orror e di contento,' and 'Oh come da quel di tutto;' and the whole of these fantasias, we imagine, must be peculiarly pleasing and interesting to the amateur flautist, who has acquired some talent upon his instrument. The number now presented is dedicated to C. B. Palmer, Esq.

Friendship, a Notturmo for two Voices. The Poetry by the Rev. Francis Scurry; the Music composed by Samuel Gold, and inscribed to his Friend, Victor de Pontigny, Esq. - Dale.

A VERY acceptable and well conceived vocal duet, for a soprano and tenor voices. The language is such as becomes a clergyman, and the music such as exhibits a well informed musician. The few publications of this species issued, must render that now recommended very desirable, especially as a duet for a father and daughter to perform.

Variations Brillantes, pour le Piano-forte, sur la dernière Valse de C. M. Weber, dédiées à Mademoiselle Caroline Hartman, et composées par Henri Herz, premier Pianiste de S. M. le Roi de France. Op. 51. Paine and Hopkins.

A MAGNIFICENT and highly talented publication. We have expressed, in a previous number, an opinion that every alteration of the original and beautiful sketch left by Weber, (and which, by the bye, he wrote at Hampton Court for the Duchess of Clarence, about four years since,*) could not but in some measure detract from its peculiar sentiment and beauty; but this excellent arrangement by Herz makes us willing to retract that opinion. He has preserved it in the fine keys of A flat and D flat, and embellished it with a delightful introduction, five splendid variations, an elaborate coda, and brilliant finale. He exhibits considerable erudition, taste, and ability of every description necessary to form a superior writer for the piano-forte; and to one who has well practised upon that instrument this work must be quite a desirable acquisition.

No. 7, from Weber's *Der Frieschutz*, 'Thro' the Forest,' with Embellishments, and the celebrated 'Huntsman's Chorus,' with Variations for the Flute and an Accompaniment for the Piano-forte, by Bernard Lee. Mayhew and Co.

MR. LEE has chosen the superior key of A flat for his adaptation of Weber's beautiful air, and if it do not increase the difficulty of performance too much, his change may be an improvement. The now common tune of the 'Jaeger's Chorus' is adapted in F, and is exhibited in a clear and perspicuous manner. The notes for the left hand upon the piano-forte are generally written singly, and the effect to the ear, as well as to the eye, would be considerably improved if they were generally given as octaves; tapping single bass notes with one finger at a time, has a poor and unequal effect, when opposed to the two trebles of piano-forte and flute, besides being very inelegant in appearance.

'Buona notte, Amato bene,' arranged in a familiar style, for the Piano-forte, with a Flute Part ad libitum. By William Forde. Cocks.

THIS is presented as No. 3 of the 'Gems of Melody,' and is a brief and familiar adaptation of the Italian air, on two pages, for the trifling price of one shilling. To school teachers it must be quite acceptable.

OXFORD CONCERTS.

THE monotonous routine of a university life was last week very pleasingly disturbed by the announcement of two concerts, under the direction of Mr. Mori. It is, perhaps, to be regretted that this species of diversion is not more frequently resorted to at the universities; but somehow music, at least in this form, is not much in vogue at these seats of learning. The Oxford concerts are often feebly supported; and the Cambridge concerts (except at commencement) almost universally fail. It gives us pleasure to remark, that, on the occasion to which we are now alluding, the effort was at variance with our general experience. The concerts on the 24th

* Weber died on June 5th, 1826, and was buried on the 21st of the same month.

and 25th of last month, held in the University of Oxford, were very well attended, and passed off with éclat. The principal vocal performers were Miss Wilkinson, Miss Childe, and Mr. Sapio; and if there was little novelty in the songs selected for the occasion, they were for the most part of a description which will bear a little repetition. 'Lasciarmi non t'ascolto,' was given in a very effective manner by Miss Childe and Miss Wilkinson; afterwards the latter lady introduced, by particular desire, a ballad, by Mrs. Arkwright, called 'Delia.' It is a very clever and pleasing melody, and was sung with a degree of sweetness and simplicity that elicited a general call for repetition. Nor was Miss Wilkinson's 'Il braccio mio,' less successful, it was received with the marked attention, and encored amid the loudest applause. In the second act, Miss Childe sang the popular favourite 'Ombra adorata,' greatly to the gratification of the audience, and was also encored. The next evening was at least as satisfactory: Mr. Sapio acquitted himself well, and Miss Wilkinson was encored three several times,—first, in 'Oh, Lord have mercy upon me,' which, although evidently suffering from the effects of a cold, she gave in that simple devotional style, for which her performance of sacred music is always remarkable.—The second effort was in a song, published last year, by Mrs. Arkwright, 'Rose, thou art the sweetest flower;' and the third, 'O bid your faithful Ariel fly,' when she accompanied herself on the piano, and obtained the same unanimous plaudits which were so frequently awarded her last season in London.

THE DRAMA.

Drury Lane.

THE new comedy, 'The Follies of Fashion,' is written by a man of fashion *par excellence*—we presume it will be fashionable: it is full of bustle; it has many striking situations; smart hits also abound in it—and we doubt not that it will become popular,—unless indeed the new four-footed performer at the Adelphi should exhaust the play-going funds of those whom the merits we have enumerated are most calculated to captivate.

We were not conscious of being in worse humour than usual on Saturday night, and yet as the witty sayings came forth, and as the boisterous plaudits of those around us stormed the well defended tympana, we could not but put the question to ourselves—Is this such comedy as ought to be approved by a London audience? Is this such wit as we ought to laugh at? Were a Molière to arise amongst us, would his refined spirit be appreciated?

Had not the rumour of the author's rank reached us, we should have felt little hesitation in pronouncing the production to have proceeded from one of those pseudo-fashionists who, deriving their principal notions from the perusal of the popular comedies of the half century preceding that into which we are now advanced half way, but aided in a measure by the study of cases of criminal conversation in newspaper reports and other scandal of the daily journals, and making moreover not a few draughts on their own creative powers, successfully concoct a portrait of fashionable life for the benefit and instruction of those who have no more opportunity of seeing the unveiled original than such authors themselves.

In the production of a fashionable author of the modern day, we expected to meet with some thing more like the current vulgarities of the west end of the town in 1829, than the characters of Mr. and Mrs. Counter, who decidedly appertain to the last century. The affected strut and tones of Sir Harry Lureall would make him the lugging stock instead of the betrayer of any Mrs. Birmingham, and of every Lady Splashton of our days. Nor is the part of Major O'Simper less out of date: it belongs only to those happy times when the Bath was in its glory. And yet are not such characters of all civilised countries and of all times? Precisely so, but the manners

of them change with the age, and it is this very change which our noble author is chargeable with neglecting.

One part of the picture, being less dependent on manners, is, we believe and fear, as true to the present, as any other period, viz. the representation of the folly of a weak-headed husband, cursed with that degree of mental imbecility which urges him, in deference to profligate habits and profligate associates, to neglect and to corrupt a lovely wife; to cast from him the richest treasure that earth has in store for man, and to close his heart to the sense of the real superiority, even in the view of the voluptuary, over every other pleasure, of that which the passion when indulged for a single object on whom all the affections are concentrated is capable of affording.

This is one of the principal portraiture of the new comedy; it shows in colours sufficiently strong the hideousness of a fashionable vice: the catastrophe inculcates the good old moral, that husbands should cherish their spouses; and while it exhibits the risk of indulging the least desire on the part of the latter to retaliate for neglect, insists, in plain words, that 'husbands are the legitimate advisers of their wives.'

It would be unfair to pronounce decidedly on the dialogue of a comedy on its first representation, when the chance that the performers might fail to do it justice is considered. We shall only speak, therefore, of appearances, and say, that it *seemed*, generally speaking, animated, here and there commonplace and vulgar, even where common-places and vulgarity were not particularly in character; that the attempts at humour were numerous, many of them appearing far-fetched, and to betray an attempt to imitate the manner of Sheridan; others sufficiently happy. The plots, principal and subordinate, are well sustained; the project of Lady Mary Pretful to drive the wife of the man she covets to desperation, and thence to crime, in order that she may derive the benefit of the consequent divorce, by becoming herself the spouse of the duped husband, we believe has the claim of originality.

The acting was the best which a company, by no means strong on the score of genteel comedy, could afford. Farren and Mrs. Glover, if the parts they had to perform were intended by the author to be personages such as we may imagine a Mr. and Mrs. Counter, possessing a Hanover Square residence, to have been fifty years ago, were excellent. Mr. Wallack, with all his admirable qualifications in other departments of the drama, is out of place in a character such as that of Lord Splashton. Miss Mordaunt looked both handsome and lady-like; her delivery on occasions was extremely pointed and effective; her acting was altogether more spirited than elegant. We could have desired to see a little more proof of study of good French models.

The play went off most satisfactorily. The latter part made a complete conquest of the audience.

Covent Garden.

ON Monday night came the pathetic-comic performance of 'Black Eyed Susan,' transplanted from the Surrey for the benefit of the aristocrats of the larger theatre. As might be expected, by dint of drawing out tears from the lachrymose, and exciting nautical and patriotic sensations amongst the gentlemen gods, it was received with immense applause. Certainly, as far as Mr. T. P. Cooke's acting could carry such nonsense through, we ourselves were delighted; but it is a lamentable thing for poor critics like ourselves to be condemned to witness such an affair half an hour after 'Romeo and Juliet': the contrast is too great to allow the merits which it may possess to be appreciated. This much, however, we will say in praise of 'Black Eyed Susan': there is no gunpowder, and the scenery is well got up. It is a pity that Miss Tree's eyes are not nearer the colour of those of the lady she represents; but this fault is not her own, and she makes up for it in her acting. Wood of course sang THE SONG, but we

confess it is by no means his *chef-d'œuvre*. The repetition of the piece was announced by Cooke amidst rapturous plaudits.

(From a Correspondent.)

Theatre, Tottenham Street.

THE business at this little theatre proceeds with great spirit and augurs well for ultimate success. On Monday evening Mr. Perry, from the Bristol Theatre, made his first appearance in the character of Pedrigo Potts. His representation of the knavish innkeeper was ludicrous and spirited, and was rewarded with the warm applause of the audience. Mr. Perry's style of acting is decidedly *à la Liston*, although he evinces much originality, and frequently, in our opinion, a richer vein of humour than even his celebrated prototype. We feel certain that he will become a decided favourite with the public.

THE SIAMESE YOUTHS.

AT the risk of subjecting ourselves to a repetition of the charge which we have often heard made against 'The Athenæum,' we shall say little of this popular subject. The curiosity, and that better feeling, the interest, of our readers is already, we are sure, sufficiently excited in the behalf of these brothers; and the ridiculous speculations which some of our contemporaries have indulged in, warn us against incurring the risk of committing similar absurdities. Even those who see in the twins the perfect organisation of two bodies, talk of one volition actuating both! The opinion needs no refutation, but if it did, it might be easily set at rest, and a single fact which occurred at the private view would be sufficient for that purpose. As the youths were retiring from the room, a gentleman present called to them, when one of them immediately turned his head round as it to answer, while the other took no notice of what was said. We can add our testimony to that of other visitors, that the exhibition of these youths is highly interesting and in no respect disgusting or disagreeable.

THE PLAGUE.

A PARTY of learned Frenchmen, with the celebrated M. Pariset at their head, are engaged in an expedition to Egypt and Syria for the purpose of making certain inquiries respecting the plague. They proposed to themselves three distinct objects of examination, namely: 1. To investigate the causes of the insalubrity of Egypt; 2. To examine whether the plague originates in that country; and 3. To ascertain the effect of chloride of lime and soda as a remedy for the malady, as the means of *disinfecting* the habiliments and habitations of those who had had the disorder.

The principal operations of these travellers, which at the commencement were confined to the last mentioned of the three inquiries, have been communicated by one of the party, M. d'Arcet, to 'The Revue Encyclopédique,' from which we extract the following account.

On arriving in Egypt, the travellers found that country free from the plague, and they went to seek it in Nubia; but neither was it there. On their return to Cairo they learnt that it was raging with violence at Tripoli of Syria. Thither, therefore, they repaired without delay. Of their proceedings, M. d'Arcet gives the following relation:

'We entered Tripoli on the 30th May. In order that the results of our experiments might be as little as possible liable to cavil, we postponed for eight days our visits to the sick and our dissections.

At last we set to work, beginning by receiving the clothes of the infected. The consul, who was acting as *interim* agent for French affairs, was present, and drew up an official document as to the

state in which these clothes came into our hands. They were covered with blood and matter, and other remains of suppuration, and had belonged to six individuals, who had died of the plague the preceding evening, or that of the last day but one. After all had been duly verified and noted, I made a solution of chloride with fifty litres (eighty-eight pints) of water, and three bottles of chloride of soda at 4° 5 of the chlorometre of Gay Lussac. This mixture formed a bath of 0° 5 of the chlorometre and to 3-4th deg. of Beaumé. The clothes were immersed in the mixture, and left to steep in it for sixteen hours. They were then taken out, thoroughly wringed, and exposed to the sun. In two hours they were dry, neither the colour nor texture was in the least changed. At mid-day we took off all our own clothes, and, from being naked to the skin, dressed ourselves in the garments of the infected, in presence of the consul. The spots of suppurated matter were still very discernible; the shirt that fell to my lot had several, and my drawers moreover were stained with marks of blood and matter from suppurated carbuncles. Thus dressed, we covered ourselves up with a superabundance of clothing, in order to promote perspiration, and we besides took more exercise than usual. We slept the night in the same garments, and did not throw them off until the next day at seven o'clock in the morning. We had worn them eighteen hours. Eight days have since passed, and not one of us has experienced the least evil consequence, not the slightest indisposition. The Turks of Tripoli were of course astonished on seeing us thus put on the tunic of Nessus.'

M. d'Arcet subsequently details the results of experiments made by him with a view to ascertain whether the chloride of lime or the chloride of soda was least likely to injure the texture of cloths, and decides in favour of the former.

The use of chlorides, it seems, did not succeed so well as medicine in the treatment of the plague, as it had done in disinfecting the garments. The chloride of soda had been administered to forty-seven patients, but it had produced no effect, either good or bad, on any of them.

The examination of the body of a young female who had died of the plague, was undertaken with the precaution of the use of chloride. Before the operation, the corpse was washed with the chloride of lime, and the hands of the operators were also impregnated with it. Parts of the body were still warm, and although in this state it is considered that the infection is communicated with more facility than when the corpse is cold, not one of the operators had experienced the least inconvenience.

The Governor and principal people of Tripoli allowed themselves to be convinced of the advantages resulting from the use of the chemical preparations of their French visitors, applied for a supply of chloride, and employed it with success under the direction of the doctors. The Pasha of St. Jean d'Acre also, hearing of the circumstance, sent for some of the same article. The Frenchmen, however, were regarded with a less favourable eye by the common people.

MEETING OF GERMAN NATURALISTS.

THE annual meeting of the naturalists of Germany took place this year, according to the appointment made at Berlin the year preceding, at Heidelberg. The Assembly separated after six days, having appointed Hamburg as the place of rendezvous for 1830. The majority of naturalists consisted of Germans and Swiss, but representatives of the Sciences from England, France, Russia, and the Netherlands likewise attended. The Assembly, either in point of numbers or the importance of its proceedings, was by no means to be compared with that which took place last year in Berlin. The sittings were opened by a discourse from the Professor Tiedemann, in which the orator traced the progress made in the Sciences, their present state, and their influence on

society. On the last day a letter was read from the venerable Goëthe, expressing the interest he took in these meetings. A deputation was sent to the authorities of Heidelberg, to thank them for the attentions shown to the scientific visitors, and a resolution was passed ordering a medal to be struck to commemorate the meeting. The discourse on breaking up was delivered by the professor Lichtenstein. The two British naturalists mentioned are Leonard and Coddington. The former gave the society an account of the vitrified walls found in Scotland in ancient castles, and the latter exhibited an apparatus for centralising light, for the purposes of crystallographic researches.

MISCELLANIES.

TRAVELLING IN EGYPT.—We returned from Basta to El-Moes by land, making our way across the country in a manner highly characteristic of Egyptian despotism to which we were reluctantly compelled to agree by our Turkish escort. Having no horses or asses of our own, and those that the villages could afford being unable to go more than a few miles, we were obliged to press them into our service wherever we found them; and as we were all armed, no opposition was attempted. It was not indeed very grateful to our feelings, to see the labourer in the field, not only robbed, for the time, of the use of his ass, which was to carry home either him or his property, but obliged to follow his beast himself bare-footed and tired, in order to carry him back—without the expectation of any recompence whatever. When at last, to their surprise, they received our money, they had still to fear the greediness of our Turkish companions, as well as their anger, for pretending to ask for charity. Sometimes the poor animal was seen carrying a bundle of sugar-canes—these are instantly removed—a bullying Albanian throws himself astride on the ass, converts the owner into his ass-driver, complaints are answered with abuses, and, if repeated, are silenced with a blow:—to finish the picture, he would, at the end of his ride, beg us not to pay any thing for the use of the animal, as his master would be spoiled, and we should teach him to expect the same in future.—*Hamilton's Egyptiaca.*

MAJOR MULLER'S COSMOSPHERE.—We understand that this invention has been submitted by its author to the Astronomical Society of London, and to the heads of the University of Cambridge, who have expressed, in unqualified terms, their conviction of its excellence and utility. The same learned gentleman has prepared an ingenious and extremely interesting orographical model of England, which, we believe, he intends to publish as soon as arrangements are made for the purpose.

VETERINARY ANATOMY.—It gives us much pleasure to state, that a series of splendid wax models of the horse's foot have been modelled by an ingenious artist of the name of miller, under the able superintendence of Professor Coleman, who made the dissection of that intricate piece of anatomical mechanism, expressly for this purpose, and, we understand, the series of representations of different parts of the horse is to be continued, under the judicious arrangement of that excellent anatomist, Professor Dewhurst, who has commenced with the organs of sense, the bore of the brain forming the first model of his series.

PURENOLOGY.—We have just received information that Dr. Vimont has arrived in London, for the express purpose of making known the result of his researches in this science. This gentleman, in 1824, attended several courses of Dr. Gall's lectures at Paris, and was so convinced at that period of the incorrectness of the doctrines promulgated by that philosopher, that he returned to Caen, in Normandy, for the express purpose of refuting them, by making a most extensive range of inquiries in the nature, habits, and propensities of men and animals. Accordingly he formed a menagerie, preserving the

animals as nearly as art could enable him in their original state, sparing no expense; he then, on the decease of any of them, had a drawing made of them at the time of death; the same of the skull and brain; he then had wax models made of the same, and committed his remarks on paper; this method has created him a most splendid museum, containing upwards of 3000 casts of skulls and brains, upwards of 400 drawings, besides original skulls and several preparations, and several volumes of MS. observations. By this means he became a convert to phrenology, and on reading his memoir at the Institute of Paris, obtained many proselytes to the science, and shortly the British phrenologists will have great acquisitions made in comparative phrenology through his medium. We think this will be a hint to the anti-phrenologists; let them investigate the fundamental principles of the science, like Dr. Vimont, and not quibble on a few technical phrases.

MANUFACTURE OF CAT-GUT STRINGS.—The cat-gut strings used for harps and violins, are manufactured in Whitechapel, &c. of the peritoneal covering of the intestines of the sheep; but have always been considered inferior to those exported from Italy. Dr. Mac Culloch ascribes this superiority to the leanness of the Italian sheep:—it is known, that the membranes of lean animals are stronger than those of fat ones; and he suggests, that the cat-gut should be manufactured from the Welch, Highland, or South-down breeds, in preference to those which, like the Lincoln, are prone to excessive accumulations of fat. —*Recreations in Science.*

INSULT BY IMPLICATION.—In a French history of the restoration of the Bourbons, to the throne of France in 1814, a charge is made against the English government and nation of insulting the French nation in the person of its restored monarch on the following grounds. When Louis 18th passed through London from Hartwell, on his way to France, he was lodged at an hotel in Albemarle Street. 'Could not,' it is indignantly asked, 'could not,' one of the royal palaces have been appropriated to the reception of the King of France? or at least might he not have been accommodated in the mansion of one of the nobility? no! the opportunity could not be lost of insinuating that they, the English, were the restorers of Louis 18th to the throne of his ancestors, and, therefore, he was sent to a common hotel in a street which bears the name of the General who restored Charles the Second!!!

COMPARISON OF THERMOMETERS.—In the Centigrade Thermometer the division of the interval between the freezing point and that of boiling water, is into 100 equal parts, called degrees. In Reaumur's, which is commonly used in France, it is into 80 parts; and in Fahrenheit's, which is used in England, it is into 180 degree. In Fahrenheit's, moreover, the freezing point, instead of being called zero, as in the others, is called 32 degree, because the maker chose to begin counting from the lowest heat which he met in Iceland, or 32 degree, below freezing of his scale. To turn the degrees of any one of these thermometers into degrees of any other, we have only to recollect that 9 deg. of Fahrenheit are equal to 5 deg. of the Centigrade, and to 4 of Reaumur. Therefore, multiplying by 9 and dividing by 5 or 4, or the reverse, adding or subtracting the 32 of Fahrenheit, gives as the result the degree desired. —*Arnot's Physics.*

POPULATION OF ST. PETERSBURG.—In the year 1808, the number of births in St. Petersburg amounted to 9779, of whom 4904 were males, and 4875 females. Of the whole number, 10 children only had been abandoned by their parents; 543 had been vaccinated. The number of deaths was much smaller than that of the births, which is attributed to the emigration, and are not taken into account: it amounted to only 6324; i. e. 4046 males and 2278 females. The number of marriages was 1032.

DEGREE OF EXPANSION BY HEAT IN DIFFERENT SUBSTANCES.—The following table, containing the names of some common substances, solid, liquid, and aeri-form, shows, by the figures following each

name, how much the substance increases in bulk, by having its temperature raised from that of freezing to that of boiling water. A lump of glass, for instance, would gain in the proportion of one cubic inch for every 416 cubic inches contained in it; while a mass of water would gain one inch or part in twenty-three; dilating thus for the same range of temperature nine times more than the glass.

Solids.	
Glass gains one part in	416
Deal	416
Platinum	339
Steel	263
Cast Iron	276
Iron	271
Gold	221
Copper	194
Brass	177
Silver	175
Tin	170
Lead	117

Liquids.	
Mercury gains one part in	55
Water	23
Oil of turpentine	14
Fixed oils	12
Alcohol	9

Airs.	
Common air, } gain one part in ...	3
All gases and vapours }	

Arnot's Physics.

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WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

	Nov.	Therm.	Barom.	Winds.	Weather.	Prevaling Clouds.
		A.M. P.M.	at Noon			
Mon. 26	40	39	29.29	N.E.	Cloudy.	Cirrostratus
Tues. 27	46	36	29.38	N.E. h.	Ditto.	Ditto.
Wed. 28	39	36	29.28	N.E.	Snow.	Ditto.
Thur. 29	36	36	92.58	E.	Moist.	Ditto.
Frid. 30	37	38	Stat.	Ditto.	M-st. p.m.	Ditto.
Sat. 1	39	40	Stat.	N.W. to N.	Foggy.	Ditto.
Sun. 2	39	40	Stat.	S.E.	Ditto.	Ditto.

Nights and mornings moist or foggy.
 Saturn stationary on Sunday.
 Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 22° 8' in Sagitt.
 Mars's ditto ditto ditto 1° 37' in Scorp.
 Venus's ditto ditto ditto 22° 29' in Capri.
 Sun's ditto ditto ditto 7° 3' 56" in Sagitt.
 Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 12 m.; decreased 8 h. 22 m.
 Sun's horary motion, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99361.

Astronomical Observations.

The Moon and Venus in conj. on Friday, at 7 h. 20 m. P.M.
 Saturn stationary on Sunday.
 Jupiter's geocentric longitude on Sunday, 22° 8' in Sagitt.
 Mars's ditto ditto ditto 1° 37' in Scorp.
 Venus's ditto ditto ditto 22° 29' in Capri.
 Sun's ditto ditto ditto 7° 3' 56" in Sagitt.
 Length of day on Sunday, 9 h. 12 m.; decreased 8 h. 22 m.
 Sun's horary motion, 2' 31" plus. Logarithmic num. of distance, 9.99361.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

A NEW novel, by the author of 'The Collegians,' is in the press, entitled 'The Rivals,' which will, it is understood, be ready for publication early in December.

In the press, 'The Etymological Spelling-Book,' being an Introduction to the Spelling, Pronunciation, and Derivation of the English Language; containing, besides several other important improvements, above three thousand words deduced from their Greek and Latin roots; adapted for the use of classical and ladies' schools, and also of adults and foreigners. By Henry Butter, author of 'Gradations in Reading and Spelling.'

'Inductive Grammar,' being a simple and easy Introduction to a Grammatical Knowledge of the English Language, designed for the use of beginners. By an experienced Teacher.

In the press, 'Reflections on Insanity.' By Charles Dunne, Esq. Surgeon in the Army, &c.

In the press, 'A Dissertation on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Horse's Foot.' By H. W. Dewhurst, Surgeon, Professor of Human, Veterinary, and Comparative Anatomy, &c.—Also, by the same author, 'An Essay on the Minute Anatomy and Physiology of the Organs of Vision in Man and the various Orders of Animals.'

GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE.—This veteran Publication is now approaching its Hundredth Year, and presents an uninterrupted chain of intelligence, political and literary, unexampled in any age or nation. Complete Sets, at various prices, may be had of J. Jones, 17, Ave Maria Lane! also any Series, Volume, Number, or Plate. A List of Plates for ninety-two years, 2s. only. Plates in counties or countries for illustrating. Portraits alphabetical.

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No. X. will be published in February, 1830.

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